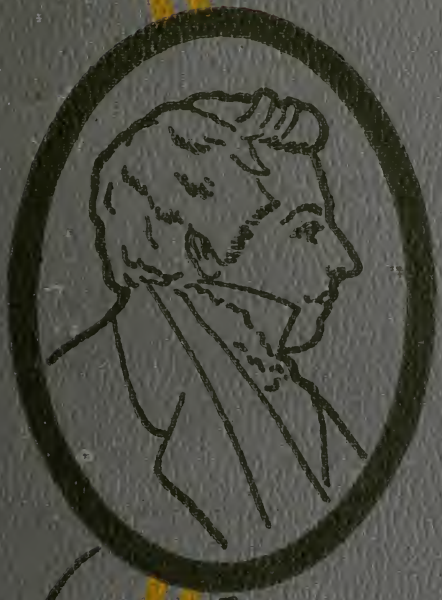

Joseph's CITY BEAUTIFUL

Mabel A. Sanford

To Dorothy

From Myrtle L.

Dec. 25, 1951

JOSEPH'S CITY BEAUTIFUL

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A STORY OF
"OLD NAUVOO"
ON THE MISSISSIPPI

By

Mabel Adelina Sanford

HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE
INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI

Printed in U. S. A.

To

The Memory of My Husband
Albert Lee Sanford
and to My Three Children
Florence, Mildred, and Albert, Jr.
All of Whom Have Had a Deep
and Abiding Love for
"Old Nauvoo"

FOREWORD

I wish to make grateful acknowledgement of the help that I have received in writing this historical novel of Nauvoo from the *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints* written and compiled by President Joseph Smith and Heman C. Smith, Historian of the Reorganized Church, *Young People's History,* by Vida E. Smith, daughter of Alexander Smith and wife of Heman C. Smith, *The Story of the Church* by their daughter, Inez Smith Davis, *Timbers for the Temple* by Elbert A. Smith, son of David Smith, *The Memoirs of President Joseph Smith* edited by his daughter, Mary Audentia Smith Anderson and from James C. Page, caretaker of the Mansion House, Ward L. Christy, guide, Marie Masberg, librarian of Nauvoo and my mother who supplied the stories of English life.

MABEL ADELINA SANFORD.

Chapter One

THE big bell on the Lancashire cotton mill clanged sharply that early morning in April in the year 1843. The doors of the little cottages along the lane flew open and men, women and children came pouring forth; the women dressed in straight, loose frocks of linsey-woolsey, with big calico aprons which they wrapped about their bare red arms against the chill of the morning; the men in homespun shirts and fustian breeches and upon the feet of all of them, heavy wooden clogs that click-clacked noisily as they trudged along the hard, beaten road to the mill.

The din of shouts and loud hallooings to friends and comrades echoed far and wide. It would be a busy day at the mill. A heavy mist hung like a soft gray blanket over the meadows. The cotton would be soft and easy to handle, enabling them to work swiftly and perchance earn more than their usual pittance so the rollicking crowd went whistling and singing along the way.

In an upper room of the big brick house that stood beneath a spreading elm tree close to the lane, a ten-year-old boy awoke with a start. He had been dreaming that the tramping feet and merrily whistled tunes were an army with fife and drum marching upon

the village. With a bound he was out of bed and throwing open the latticed window, watched the crowd as it thundered past.

He was a slim little boy with a wistful face and big brown eyes under a thatch of dark, tousled hair. How he envied the boys that worked in the mill! If only his mother had been willing, he too, could be trudging along beside them and earning a shilling a day carrying bobbins. A shilling a day would buy many of the little luxuries they were learning to do without. In time, it might even buy the concertina that his soul longed to possess. But his mother was proud. Her father had been a man of standing in the community, the sole manufacturer of fancy wicker chairs. It was not in keeping that his grandson should stoop to work in the mill.

The boy had been named for his grandfather, Robert Pemberton, having been born three months after the old man's death. Robert was glad that he had been named for his grandfather, for the old man had been known far and wide for his kindness to everyone. He was sorry, however, that he had been the sole manufacturer of fancy wicker chairs, for somehow, it had set them apart from the rest of the villagers who were farmers, blacksmiths, mill hands and common laborers.

A portrait of his grandfather hung over the mantelpiece in the parlor and Robert often stood before it, stroking his smooth round cheeks, thoughtfully as he studied the bewhiskered countenance.

His grandmother's portrait, which hung on the opposite wall, he scarce gave a thought. She had died several years before his grandfather. "A tartar if

there ever was one!" he had heard it remarked concerning her. It had even been whispered that his mother was like her, and that his Aunt Nell was like grandfather. There were times when he could readily believe this.

His Aunt Nell, and Martha, his mother, had fallen heir to the wicker business when their father had died. They had married young men in their father's employ who were brothers, John and William Barry: big handsome fellows, who could have claimed the hand of any girl in the village. The boys had "had an eye to business" malicious tongues had said, which, if it were true, had benefited them little, for the wicker business had gone from bad to worse after the old man's death until there was scarcely a living in it for one family, let alone two.

Nell had finally rebelled at the makeshifts they had been compelled to make in order to keep up appearances, and to Martha's mortification, had gone to work in the mill, taking up her residence in one of the mill cottages. Martha continued to live from hand to mouth in an effort to keep up the old traditions but the villagers were not deceived and were wont to remark contemptuously, " 'igh life below stairs."

Robert was forbidden to play with the boys of the neighborhood, who were considered rough and uncultivated, and his only companion was eight-year-old Elsie, whom his aunt and uncle, having no children of their own, had adopted when a tiny baby. He longed for a boy companion of his own age and watched the boys enviously, that early morning in April, as they trudged past his chamber window,

laughing and joking hilariously as they made their way to the mill.

As the click-clack of their wooden clogs died away in the distance, Robert turned with a sigh from the window, and with an impatient gesture, reached for his shirt and breeches.

A door banged below and a shrill voice reached his ears.

"Peggy Doodle!" he muttered irritably. "What does she want?" Peggy was their washerwoman—or had been; his mother did her own washing now.

Stepping softly to the head of the stairs, he peered into the kitchen below. The fragrance of steaming porridge was wafted upwards. His mother stood by the fireplace, stirring the porridge with one hand and holding a dish in the other. In the doorway stood Peggy Doodle, nervously fingering her apron.

"Won't you sit down?" invited his mother.

"Thank ye, ma'am, but I'm in a bit of a 'urry. I just dropped hin ta see 'ow ye felt, now that Nell's goin' ta Hamerica."

There was a sudden crash! The dish his mother was holding had slipped from her fingers and lay shattered on the hearth.

Aunt Nell going to America! What was Peggy talking about?

Robert slipped back into his room, hurriedly finished dressing and ran downstairs. Peggy had gone, and his mother, with white set face, was kneeling by the hearth, picking up the pieces of broken crockery.

"Mother, mother!" he called breathlessly. "What

did Peggy mean? Is Aunt Nell really going to America?"

The door opened suddenly and Aunt Nell, flushed and breathless, hurried into the room.

"Has that busybody been here?" she demanded. Her sister's averted face confirmed her suspicion. "I'd like to wring her neck!"

Robert's mother went quietly on picking up the pieces, never saying a word or paying any more attention to Aunt Nell than if she weren't there. Robert looked from one to the other, then turned to Nell impulsively.

"Peggy said you were going to America!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"I am!" Her lips closed firmly.

His mother flashed an angry look at her sister.

"With the Mormons, I suppose!"

The flush on Nell's face deepened. She sank into the big chair by the hearth and stared into the fire.

Robert stepped to her side. He loved his Aunt Nell. She was so jolly with her laughing blue eyes and rosy cheeks. There were times when he almost wished that Nell had been his mother instead of Martha, life would have been so much more interesting.

The sisters were nothing alike, for Nell was slender and girlish looking, while Martha was short and stout, her eyes were brown and although there were only two years difference between them, her dark hair was fast turning gray.

Martha's face was stern and forbidding. Most people were afraid of her, but Robert knew that be-

neath that stern countenance lay a warm and generous heart and his only fear was that of displeasing her. Nell wasn't afraid of her and had openly defied her when she went to work in the mill, and now she was going to America! He gloried in Nell's courage. What wouldn't he give to be going to America with her!

As for the Mormons, his knowledge of them was vague. He had once seen one of them, a nice, neat appearing fellow, who had tried to talk to the people on the village green, but had been pelted with sticks and lumps of mud until he had been forced to leave. They had been holding services at the hall evenings and Sundays and had converted a number of the mill hands and sent them to America. They had heard that Nell and Will had been attending these services and Martha had sniffed scornfully.

"Nell will be joining the Mormons, next thing we know, and going off with them to America," she had declared to her husband.

"Nonsense!" he had replied. "She wouldn't be foolish enough for that!"

"Indeed she would. She'd do anything to get to America!"

Robert, remembering what they had said, looked at his aunt wonderingly.

"Tell us about it!" he urged.

"I'm sorry, Martha," Nell looked appealing at her sister. "I meant to break it to you gently."

"Gently!" Martha snorted angrily. She was still on her knees, searching diligently for broken fragments,

though Robert knew she must have found them all by this time.

"Well, you know what I mean, Martha. We didn't make up our minds until last night. I was up bright and early this morning and came right over so as to be the first to tell you. They're getting up a company to leave next Saturday, so we signed up to go."

"Next Saturday!" Martha arose to her feet in sudden panic. "You're not leaving next Saturday! John won't be home before then."

"I know it, we're sorry about that, but Will has finished the hampers John left him to do and he doubts if John brings home any orders for chairs. Wickerware seems to be a thing of the past, and what few orders John may get, he will be able to take care of himself. It's no use, Martha, the business is done for and it's useless for you to deceive yourself any longer."

"Deceive myself? Done for? If John and Will had hustled around the way father did, they would have had all the business they could take care of. Father would turn over in his grave if he could see the way things have gone. And now you're traipsing off to America, all carried away by the foolish talk of those bragging Americans. What do you expect to do when you get there? You'll not find the streets paved with gold as those Americans would have you believe. Where are you getting your passage money?"

"I'm going to sell mother's jewelry."

"Mother's jewelry? The brooch and the earrings?"

Nell nodded.

"It won't be enough, but with the sale of what

things we can't take with us, we think we can make it."

"But mother's brooch and earrings—how can you part with those?"

Nell shrugged her shoulders.

"They're old, they'll bring a good price and I won't need them over there. You still have the watch and chain. I thought when we divided mother's things that I would never part with mine, but oh, Martha, you know how I've always wanted to go to America. Seems as though I'd die if I didn't get to go."

"You were always like that!" cried Martha impatiently. "Always wanting to go somewhere or to do something different. You hadn't said much about it lately. We were in hopes you'd given up this foolish notion."

"Given up?" Nell laughed oddly. "Will and I have talked it morning, noon and night. We couldn't give it up. We're tired of rain and fog, fog and rain day in and day out with barely enough to keep body and soul together and no hopes of ever getting anywhere. Out there, land is free for the taking, the sun shines day after day and there's a chance of getting somewhere and being somebody. Oh, Martha, if you and John would only come too, we might start a chair factory and make a fortune as so many do."

"Stuff and nonsense!" retorted Martha. "This country was good enough for father and mother and it's good enough for me! Oh, if John were only here!" she moaned, pacing up and down and wringing her hands.

"I'm glad he's not!" retorted Nell. "He always did think because he was the oldest, he could tell Will what to do and what not to do, but for once Will has decided for himself."

Martha turned on her sister angrily.

"So that's why you're traipsing off to America—so you can do as you please!"

"Now, Martha, you know I've always done as I pleased and never regretted it either. I'm not a bit sorry I went to work in the mill. I've enjoyed it and made friends, but I wouldn't want to spend all my days standing before a loom. We took to going to the Mormon meetings just for some place to go and that's how we came to hear of their wonderful plan. Why, Martha, they're building a city out on the Mississippi River that they have named Nauvoo, where there are to be no rich and no poor, but all are to share alike and are to have everything they need. They intend to work for the good of the whole world. People are flocking there from all over the country. They have been leaving England by the shiploads for several years and those who have gone, have written back to their people such glowing accounts of the place. They say it's just beautiful there! I wish you could hear them tell about it. Do come to the meeting with us tonight," she pleaded.

Martha, who had paused to listen, suddenly drew herself erect. She had passed the hall one evening, had seen the rabble collected about the door and heard the taunts and ribald jokes hurled at all who dared enter, and her reply was characteristic.

"I wouldn't lower myself by going to such a place!"

"Martha, Martha, why do you let pride stand in your way?" asked Nell, sorrowfully.

The door opened softly and a fairylike girl with wide blue eyes and flaxen curls, peeked in.

"Is mother here?" she called, then spying Nell, cried joyously, "Oh, there you are!" and running forward, slipped beneath Nell's encircling arm. "I've been hunting for you everywhere!"

Nell laughed softly.

"Why, dearie, you were sound asleep when I left, so I just slipped over to Aunt Martha's to break the news, but Peggy Doodle got here first."

"Oh, she did," she murmured regretfully, then turned to Martha eagerly. "Isn't it wonderful, Aunt Martha, that we're going to America? You'll come too, won't you, Aunt Martha," she declared, confidently. "You and Robert and Uncle John."

Robert, who had stood listening in amazement to all that had been said, suddenly sprang to life, and throwing his arms about his mother's waist, cried from the depths of his soul: "Oh, Mother, do let's go!"

For a moment she wavered, then somewhat bruskly she removed his arms, exclaiming, "Nonsense, child! We'll stay right where we are! Come, it's time we had breakfast," and bustling about the kitchen, set out the bowls for the porridge and seizing a loaf of bread, placed in it the crook of her arm and proceeded to butter and cut slices that were the pride of her heart —so thin, you could almost blow them away.

"I had breakfast with Will," declared Nell wearily.

"Elsie was up late last night so we let her sleep. She can have a dish of porridge with Robert."

The children seated themselves at the table with Martha but when Robert attempted to eat, a lump arose in his throat making it difficult for him to swallow. Elsie, usually talkative, ate silently, with furtive glances at her Aunt Martha, who, as soon as the last spoonful of porridge had disappeared said briskly, "Now children run along out to play."

As if glad to escape, they slipped silently through the door and out into the garden. The mist was lifting and the sun was trying bravely to show itself.

They walked slowly down the path to the gate and stood moodily watching the cows in the pasture beyond, nibbling away at the fresh young grass. A flock of doves circled above their heads and came to rest at their feet. Snowball, the white rabbit, hopped to the bars of his hutch and sniffed inquiringly but they gave no heed as they listened to the voices of the two women that came floating out to them, now pleading, now angry.

"What makes Aunt Martha so cross?" questioned Elsie.

"She's not cross," defended Robert. "She's worried. She always talks like that when she's worried."

"I'm glad my mother doesn't worry," declared Elsie with a proud toss of her curls.

"She'll worry when she gets over to America." Robert nodded his head sagely. "There's Indians over there! They tomahawk people! I've seen pictures of them."

Elsie's eyes grew wide with terror and Robert has-

tened to reassure her. "Oh, I don't believe they'll hurt you. If I was there they wouldn't!" he declared stoutly and Elsie believed him, for hadn't he cared for her all these years, shielding her from the rough boys, carrying her books to school and sharing with her whatever he might have at the moment.

"I'll ask Aunt Martha to let you go with us!" she declared eagerly.

"Oh, no, mother wouldn't let me go." He dismissed the thought in a moment. "Besides, I have to take care of her while father's away. It's no use thinking about it. Come, let's go for a walk."

"Let's do!" cried the delighted Elsie, as she skipped through the gate and down the lane, closely followed by Robert.

The air was sweet with the odor of young growing things. A lark sprang suddenly from the turf and soared carolling into the sky. The children watched and listened and suddenly their troubled thoughts vanished, their drooping spirits soared as they went tripping merrily down the lane, stopping now and then to gather violets or to exclaim over a pretty crocus.

The clickety-clack of a loom drew them to the cottage of old Billy Waulkner. Tiptoeing softly, they peered in at the window. The withered and shrunken figure of the old man sat at the loom, his hand throwing the shuttle back and forth, his eyes fixed upon the pattern growing so slowly under his effort. Too old to work in the mill, he like many others of the villagers, wove in his own home, going to Manchester every week to purchase warp, and sitting all day

and far into the night, watching the little squares complete themselves as the cloth grew steadily.

Pausing to adjust a thread, the old man caught sight of the children's faces and beckoned them to enter. Elsie shrank away, but Robert, seizing her hand, dragged her in.

"Come on, he won't hurt you," he whispered. He had watched the old man drive away the boys of the village whenever they came near and recognized that he was being honored by an invitation to enter.

Once inside, Elsie forgot her fear in the fascination of watching the blue and white checked gingham fashioned before her eyes. The man said nothing but his lips curved in a pleased smile at the child's wondering gaze. She was as loath to leave as she had been to enter, when Robert tugged at her apron as a signal to depart. Reluctantly she turned and walked slowly out the door. Robert seized her hand and together they raced down the lane, coming to an abrupt halt before the toffy shop of Molly Lomas.

Molly had been to town! A jar of fresh sweets was in the window and Molly herself stood in the doorway. She greeted them with a beaming smile.

"Well, well, if it isn't Robert and Elsie. And Elsie's going to America, fancy that!"

Peggy Doodle had spread the news far and wide.

"No wonder she was in such a 'urry," thought Robert.

Elsie lifted a shining face.

"Yes, ma'am, we're going Saturday!" she replied, joyfully.

"Only fancy! Come here, I have a present for you."

Molly turned and entered the shop, the children following delightedly. A row of tempting bottles stood on the shelf behind the counter. The children tingled with excitement as she reached for the one containing big brown bull's-eyes. She filled a little bag and handed it to Elsie.

"They'll help keep you amused on the boat," she chuckled. "And remember now, don't forget your old friend, Molly."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am, I never could forget you!" declared Elsie.

How could anyone forget Molly, wondered Robert. Why Molly was the first one they sent for when anyone was taken sick. She was big and jolly and the minute you saw her face in the doorway you knew you were going to get well. The herbs she dosed you with were the vilest tasting stuff, but you didn't mind swallowing them if Molly was standing by. He had overheard his mother telling a lady from London one day, that Molly had ushered hundreds of babies into the world and had never lost a case and that she charged three shillings if they had it, and if not, it was all the same to Molly, that she cared for the sick because she loved it, not because of any profit she made out of it. She had turned her front room into a toffy shop that she and her husband tended between them and went to Manchester every week with a big basket on her arm for a fresh supply of sweets. The fresh sweets were then displayed in the shop window beside a bottle of leeches that always stood there, with a sign hanging above that read "Bleeding with Leeches." Robert hated the sight of the horrid things, but Molly had

told him that they were very useful in drawing the bad blood from people when they were sick.

They left the shop in high glee and Elsie insisted on giving Robert one of the bull's-eyes. He popped it into his mouth immediately, but it was so large, it made talking difficult. Finally he removed it and wrapping it in his clean white handkerchief, put it in his pocket.

People hailed them on every side, stopping Elsie to ask all sorts of silly questions. Jenny Potts, who kept the public house, called them in, where the men sat at tables with their bread and cheese and mugs of beer—"baggon" they called it.

One of the men called out, "Ho, missy, so you're goin' ta Hamerica! Hengland ain't good enough for ye, wot? Come 'ere and gimme a kiss."

Elsie shrank back and the men laughed loudly. Robert stood bravely beside her, gently edging her toward the door. Jenny, who stood smiling and rattling the change in her apron pocket, handed them each a penny. The children brightened.

"Oh, thank you, ma'am," they chorused.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the door. A deep baying from many throats and stern commands.

"Hist!" called the men. "Here comes the squire!"

There was a shuffle of feet as a shabbily dressed man arose hurriedly and slipped out the back way as the squire entered the front.

Robert and Elsie stood at the door eyeing fearfully the squire's pack of forty hounds that sat on their haunches with lolling tongues as if waiting to devour

them. Elsie gave a little scream as one of them made playful overtures and the squire strode to her side.

"There, there, little girl, don't be afraid, they'll not hurt you," and taking her hand, led her past the restless, yelping pack. Robert lost no time in following and breathed more freely when he had placed a safe distance between them. The squire patted Elsie's bright curls and dropped a shilling into her apron pocket.

It was noon when they turned their footsteps toward home. The mill hands were hurrying home for their midday meal, their wooden clogs making a terrible din along the highway. Their faces were tense for they had been working with terrific speed since six o'clock in the morning. If the cotton continued to hold as well till six in the evening, they might possibly be able to make as much as ten shillings. Their meal would be swallowed hurriedly and bread and treacle eaten in their hands on their way back to the mill.

As Robert and Elsie trudged up the garden path, Martha flung open the door and Robert saw at a glance that she had been crying.

"Where in the world have you children been?" she demanded.

"We went for a walk," replied Elsie brightly. "Where's mother?"

"She went home long ago and told me to send you just as soon as you came back, so run along child."

Elsie turned without a word and soberly trotted off down the lane.

Robert followed his mother into the kitchen. He

could smell fried herrings. How good they smelled! He was ravenous after his long walk, but the herring were chock-full of bones, every forkful bristled with them. It was slow work removing them and very aggravating to one so hungry. He was glad when the fish were gone and he could fill up on bread and treacle. He wanted to tell his mother about the happenings of the morning, but there was an aloofness about her that discouraged any attempts at conversation.

This was the week for him to go to school in the afternoon. The previous week he had gone in the morning. It was an arrangement his father had permitted on condition that he work in the shop for half a day as the children who worked in the mill were permitted to do.

Robert hated school, for the schoolmaster caned the boys unmercifully. He had never been caned himself, but suffered almost as much as those upon whom the cane fell. True, he had had his ears boxed and once the master had thrown a book at his head for missing a word and once or twice had had his knuckles rapped with a ruler, but this was not to be compared with the whalings the other boys received.

It was so difficult trying to stand with his feet on the chalk line, copying sums on his slate from the board, for once out of line meant being yanked out of the row and sent to a corner to be caned later.

He wished himself back in the dames' school, where there was no chalk line and the cane was never used. The children there were very mannerly, having been taught by the two dames who kept the school, to be

courteous at all times. Such interesting subjects were taught there too, as geography, grammar, drawing and music. But his mother could no longer afford the charge of sixpence a week. So for threepence at the public school, he labored at the tiresome reading, writing and doing of sums.

Chapter Two

ROBERT was sorry when Saturday came, for it meant being with Elsie for the last time. There was one compensation, however, he and his mother were going to Liverpool to see them off. His mother had stormed and pleaded to no avail but would stand by her sister to the last.

The little vessel with its towering sails, lay at the dock and Robert could hardly contain himself when he glimpsed it for the first time. He breathed the smell of tar, coal and fish. The noise and confusion of the hurrying throngs, shouted orders, the loading of freight and the shrill hoots of passing steamboats thrilled him through and through. The enthusiasm of the departing emigrants made him long to be one of them, treading the deck of the vessel over the trackless deep.

Elsie, half frightened, clung to his hand and when the order was given for all not sailing to go ashore, she threw her arms about his neck and broke into wild sobbing. Big, jovial Uncle Will stepped forward and placed a comforting arm about them both.

"There, there, Elsie, you'll be seeing Robert again before long."

Robert stared at his uncle in astonishment. It was

not like Uncle Will to beguile them with rash promises. Seeing the question in Robert's eyes, he hastened to add: "Yes, my boy, I feel strongly impressed that you will be joining us before long."

"Why, Uncle Will," he gasped, "do you really mean it?"

"I really do," he replied firmly. "You just wait and see."

Robert was like one in a dream after that. He scarcely saw or heard anything on the return journey, so wrapped up was he in the thought that he, too, might some day be going to America.

He wanted to talk it over with his mother, but her eyes were red with weeping and she sat with her bonnet drawn close about her face, staring straight ahead in the crowded compartment of the train that was bearing them slowly back to Manchester. He finally gave up all hopes of conversation and shrank back into his corner, giving himself up to dreams of what he would do, should his uncle's impressions prove true.

That night their evening meal consisted of bread and treacle and a cup of tea, for their funds had been considerably reduced by the trip to Liverpool and they would have to "draw in their horns" as his mother expressed it, for some time to come. He was hungry, however, and ate with a relish, then, sensing that his mother wished to be alone, strolled out into the garden, when he had eaten his fill.

The strains of a concertina drew him to the gate and down the lane. Old Billy Waulkner had finished

his warp, and seated on his doorstone, was singing in a cracked voice:

"Hevery night w'en I go 'ome,
The monkey's hon the table,
Take ha stick hand knock 'im hoff,
Pop goes the weasel."

Robert stole softly to the old man's side and seating himself on a corner of the step, listened in rapture as the old man played and sang one tune after another. Presently he reached over and placed the instrument in the arms of the delighted boy.

" 'ere you go, let's 'ear you now," he said kindly.

Under the old man's guidance, Robert drew out, not without considerable discord, some of the old familiar airs. A call from his mother, however, sent him scurrying back to the house.

Martha always closed the day with a reading from the big family Bible. It lay open now at the twenty-third Psalm. Robert read it aloud slowly and carefully and his mother repeated the Lord's Prayer. Robert then climbed the stairs to his room where he lay thinking over the events of the day and listening to the distant sounds of revelry coming from the mill cottages; the loud laughter and occasional screams. Someone was having a birthday party. Birthdays were big events, the whole neighborhood congregating to celebrate. They had jolly times! Robert had often watched them. No doubt they were playing drop the handkerchief. The screams would be from the girls that were being caught and kissed. "Hussies" his mother called them.

He fell into an uneasy slumber and dreamed that a band of Indians were holding a war dance on the deck of a ship and that a terrified Elsie had thrown her arms about his neck in a strangling hold. He awoke with a start to the peaceful stillness of an English Sabbath day. The sunlight was streaming in at the latticed window and he could hear his mother stepping softly about in the kitchen below. His Sunday clothes, neatly folded, lay on the chair beside the bed; his shoes freshly polished, stood beneath. He put them on and went slowly down the stairs.

"You'll have to hurry, Robert," warned his mother, "if we're going to get to church on time."

"Oh, Mother, I don't want to go to church today. Please let me stay home this once and I promise not to go outside the house."

"Indeed you'll go to church!" replied his mother sternly. "We'll go together, just as we've always done."

Robert was glad afterwards that his mother had made him go.

There was something so uplifting in the peaceful Sabbath stillness. The highway was deserted, no click-clack of wooden clogs broke the silence, no din of blacksmith's hammer or rattle of carts. All was calm and beautiful, truly a day of rest, and Robert felt lifted up in an atmosphere of religious fervor.

It was two long miles to Flixton, where the Church of England stood. Robert's grandparents for generations had worshiped there, and now lay buried in the old churchyard surrounding it.

It was a warm day and Robert's feet were lagging

when they heard the tolling of the bells in the distance. The peal of eight bells in the belfry of the old church tower was rung a half hour before the services and Robert and his mother timed their steps accordingly. During the first fifteen minutes, four men stood in the belfry, a rope in each hand, and beginning with the highest bell in the octave, rang the full octave of eight bells with solemn persistence. To Robert, they seemed to say: "Come—come—good—peo—ple—come—to—church! Come—come—good—peo—ple—come—to—church!" After which the theme was changed and the three lowest bells in the octave tolled for ten minutes as if saying: "Come—to—church! Come—to—church!" And five minutes before the hour struck, the lowest bell in the octave tolled very slowly and solemnly.

Robert thrilled to the tolling of the bells and as they neared the church, watched anxiously as the old belfry creaked and groaned, rocking to and fro with every swing of the great bells. Once, the squire's son, a wild harum-scarum, who regularly broke the Sabbath by hunting on his father's estate, had stood across from the church in his hunting togs, leaning upon his gun, his dog by his side, watching the perilous swaying of the belfry.

"Some day she's going to topple over," he remarked, "and I hope I'll be here to see the fun!"

No sooner had the words left his lips than there was a loud report! The dog, leaping playfully upon him, had struck the trigger of the gun; a bullet went straight to the heart of the young man and he fell dead.

Martha referred to the story often as an example of just retribution for ungodly conduct. Robert always thought of it whenever they passed the spot where it had happened.

The church stood well back from the road and was surrounded with the graves of the dead. The moss-covered headstones of many of them were crumbling into the dust, the names upon them almost obliterated. Others lay flat upon the ground, forming a paving from the gate, clear up to the door of the church. There was something vaguely awesome in the thought of those lying beneath and Robert always tiptoed softly over them. He was glad his ancestors lay on the other side, where people could not go tramping over them.

He was relieved when they reached the door of the big old church and could slip inside. The deacon, in long black robe, led the way down the aisle, opened the door of their pew, ushered them in and closed it silently as they dropped to their knees in prayer. Robert breathed a sigh of relief when this was over and he could sink back into the softly-cushioned pew to rest after the long walk, and look about him.

He loved the dim old church with its beautiful stained glass windows, the swell of the organ and the chanting of the choir, but never could understand what the parson was saying, and the monotony of his deep voice, always lulled him to sleep. Today, however, the vacant seats of Uncle Will, Aunt Nell and little Elsie, smote upon his heart and he was overwhelmed by the sense of loneliness that engulfed him. Then, the comforting words of his uncle came to his

mind, and so far did his thoughts travel at the possibility of joining them in America, that he became lost to his surroundings and failed to arise when the closing hymn was being sung. His mother, clutching his arm nervously, dragged him to his feet.

* * *

One chilly evening, as Robert and his mother sat reading the *Penny Weekly* before the fire in the kitchen, a familiar step was heard on the walk outside.

"Dad!" cried Robert, springing to his feet and throwing open the door. "Oh, Dad, I'm so glad you've come! We have so much to tell you."

"Hush!" warned his mother, brushing him aside, "Your father's tired. Let him take off his things and get warmed."

"My, but it's good to get home!" boomed John Barry heartily, as Robert took his bag and Martha helped him off with his coat.

He strode to the fire that blazed on the hearth and held out his hands to it: "Why, you're as snug as bugs in a rug in here. Outside, the fog's so thick I could scarcely see my hand in front of me!"

He was a tall, handsome man with dark hair and eyes and ruddy cheeks. Robert's heart swelled with pride as he looked at him.

"What's happened?" he asked, looking quizzically from one to the other.

"Who said anything had happened?" parried Martha.

"No one needs to say anything; it's written all over your faces."

"Well, if you must know," replied his wife, "Will and Nell have gone to America!"

"What! Gone to America?" He emitted a low whistle.

"Yes, joined the Mormons, just as I said they would, and gone off with them to America!"

John stood silent, staring into the fire. A log slipped and rolled out toward the hearth. He stooped and put the log back in place. Martha, her arms akimbo, eyed him expectantly.

"Nell said the business was done for, that it was no use deceiving ourselves any longer, and that she didn't want to spend all her days in the mill, so they were going out where they could get somewhere and be somebody."

"She may be right, at that," replied John quietly.

"Right! What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean the business—what she says about that is true enough, I guess. I've nearly walked my legs off and only got orders for half a dozen chairs. The public's fickle! They want Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, Louis XVI—anything but wicker. Wicker's had its day and we're about done for!"

Martha stared in astonishment.

"Then you approve of Will and Nell going off to America."

"I don't blame them. I wouldn't mind going myself!"

Robert's heart leaped at the words.

"But fancy them joining the Mormons!" persisted Martha.

"Well, what's the matter with them?" asked John.

Martha looked at him in amazement.

"Why," she gasped, "you said yourself, you didn't think Nell would be foolish enough for that. They're the laughingstock of the place with their outlandish ideas about religion!"

"People always make fun of something they don't understand," replied John quietly. "The Mormons' ideas are ahead of the times, that's all."

"Why, John, you haven't been going to their meetings, too?" Martha was growing alarmed.

"Yes, I have. They were holding meetings where I was stopping one night so I went to hear what they had to say. A man by the name of Lawson preached that night and a better sermon I never heard on practical, everyday living. Afterwards I was introduced to the man and he gave me some pamphlets. They're in my bag. Get them for me, Robert."

"I don't want to see them!" Martha began bustling about. "I'll make you a cup of tea."

"Sit down, Martha." He drew a chair toward her. "I've had tea."

She sank meekly into the chair.

John nodded to Robert, who had paused with his hand on the bag. He opened it and spying a neatly wrapped package, asked: "What's this, Dad?"

"That's some toffy for your mother," John took the package and tossed it into her lap.

Somewhat mollified, Martha exclaimed, "Why, John, you needn't have done that."

Robert found the pamphlets in the bottom of the bag, and while he and his mother sat eating toffy, his father read to them till far into the night. Robert,

listening intently, heard that a boy only a few years older than himself, had been visited by an angel while praying one day in the forest. He had been attending the revival services that were being held in the neighborhood by different denominations. The boy desired to unite with one of them, but so great was the strife and contention among them, each trying to prove the error of the other, he was unable to decide which one was right. One day, while reading the first chapter of the Epistle of James, the words, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given unto him" struck him so forcibly, that he went out to a little grove not far from the house where he could be alone to put into practise what he had just read.

It was a beautiful day, early in the spring of 1820. After looking carefully about to make sure he was alone, he knelt down and began to offer up a prayer to God. It was his first attempt at praying vocally and he had scarcely done so, when he was seized by a power that overcame him. Thick darkness gathered around him and he seemed doomed to sudden destruction, but exerting all his powers, he called upon God to deliver him, when a pillar of light, brighter than the noonday sun appeared exactly over his head. It descended gradually until it fell upon him, and immediately he was delivered from the power that held him bound, and as the light rested upon him, he saw two personages whose brightness and glory defied description, standing above him in the air. One of them spoke to him, calling him by name and said,

pointing to the other, "This is my beloved Son, hear Him!"

As soon as the boy could get possession of himself, he asked the question that was uppermost in his mind, which of the churches he should join, and was told to join none of them, that their creeds were all wrong and that those professors of religion were corrupt, for they drew near him with their lips, but their hearts were far from Him. Many other things were told him, and when he came to himself, he found that he was lying on his back, looking up into heaven.

A few days later he related the vision to one of the preachers who was actively engaged in stirring up religious excitement, and was told that it was all of the devil, that there was no such thing as visions and revelations in these days, that all those things had ceased with the apostles, and that there would never be any more of them. Telling of the vision, however, excited a great deal of prejudice among the professors of religion and all united to persecute him.

"No wonder!" commented Martha. "The idea of a boy his age telling a parson to his face that his creed was all wrong."

"But Martha, it was the angel that told him that."

"Pff! Angel, indeed, there hasn't been any angels for nearly two thousand years."

"Well, is that any reason why there couldn't be? You believe an angel appeared to Mary before Jesus was born. You believe angels were at the tomb when he was resurrected. You believe in all the angels you read about in the Old Testament."

"Well, that's different. Angels don't appear to ordinary mortals like you and me."

"Why, Martha, the people you read about in the Bible were just as ordinary as we are. Anyhow, it says here that the boy knew he had had a vision, and he says that he felt like Paul, when he stood before King Agrippa and related the vision he had had. No one would believe him and he was ridiculed and persecuted, but he knew he had seen a light and heard a voice and all the persecution under heaven could not make it otherwise."

Martha's face flushed angrily.

"If you want to believe that nonsense, you can, but I want none of it! I'll stand by the teachings of father and mother to the end!" And with that declaration, she arose from her chair and ordered Robert off to bed.

Chapter Three

EARLY the next morning, Robert and his father set to work, making up the orders that Mr. Barry had tramped so many weary miles to find. The home of fancy wicker chairs was a long, low workshop that stood at the foot of the garden. Robert loved to work there. His earliest memories dated from the time when he had first learned to use the scissors and had been set to work cutting long strips of paper to wind around the arms and legs of the chairs preparatory to shipping. Gradually he had learned to split and plane the willows, weave the cane seats and help with the staining and varnishing. He had enjoyed watching the men manipulate the frames of seats and backs and listening to their merry whistling as the chairs took shape. He even liked the acrid smell of the dye in the big vats where he and Elsie had sailed willow boats. But today the shop seemed empty. His uncle's place was vacant and Robert felt restless and unhappy.

His father worked silently for a time, then went to the house and begged Martha to come out and sit with them. She protested that she was busy and couldn't spare the time, but was finally persuaded to join them and then the work went forward rapidly,

for Martha could turn her hand to any part of chair making. She and Aunt Nell had always had to help with the rush orders at Christmas time. Robert had heard his mother tell how they had kept a dozen men busy in grandfather's day, their wives and children helping too during the busy season. No wonder Nell had said the business was done for. It seemed too bad, for the chairs were so pretty. They were as light as a feather and yet so strong, they would last a lifetime.

John begged Martha to accompany him to the Mormon meeting that was being held that evening, but she steadfastly refused and he went alone. He tried to tell her the next day, what he had heard, but she refused to listen. Robert begged to accompany him that evening and Martha very reluctantly gave her consent.

It was a strange experience to be going to church in a hall and Robert was quite taken aback by the rude remarks that were made by a group of ruffians loitering about the door. His father paid not the slightest heed, but said, "Good evening, boys," in such a friendly fashion, that they respectfully stepped aside, making room for him to enter, and Robert shamefacedly followed him.

The hall was a dark, dingy place, seated with forms, every inch of which seemed to be occupied as Robert and his father made their way toward the upper end of the room. Mr. Barry spied a small space between two boys and shoved Robert into it, then squeezed himself into another small space just across the aisle. Robert found himself wedged in between two of the

toughest boys that attended the public school. They were dressed in fustian, to which the unwholesome smell of the schoolroom still clung. He was wishing heartily that he had never come when the door near the platform opened and two men entered, causing a little stir among the audience.

One of the men seated himself in a chair beside the table that stood on the platform, while the other stepped forward with an engaging smile.

"Friends," he said, "I am happy to see so many of you gathered here tonight. I trust you will feel well repaid for coming. We are going to open our services by singing an old familiar hymn and I hope you will all join with us." Then in a strong, pleasing, voice, he ied: "Lord we come before thee now, at thy feet we humbly bow." Robert, with an ever ready ear for pleasing harmony, forgot his surroundings as he listened to the singing of that hymn. He had never heard singing like that which filled the old hall. Something new and happier seemed to awake within him. The fervent prayer which followed, was a continuation of the sentiment expressed in the song, that the Lord would indeed send a message, that would bring joy and peace to the hearts of the hearers and that those who were earnestly seeking the Lord might find him.

Again they sang, "Come sound His praise abroad and hymns of glory sing." The speaker of the evening was then introduced—Elder Fielding of Liverpool. The man who was seated by the table arose and came forward. Robert liked him at once. He was young, tall and slender and had large blue eyes

that twinkled in such a friendly way as he looked at his audience.

He picked up a Bible that lay on the table and said he would read from Revelations, the fourteenth chapter and the sixth verse. "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people."

"Friends," he said, "God has sent his angel to the earth with the everlasting gospel, that in its simplicity and its fullness, it might again be preached on the earth. He has restored the organization of apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, bishops, deacons, elders and high priests. He is giving as he gave in days gone by, the gifts of the Spirit, prophecy, tongues, interpretation of tongues, healings and miracles. The church no longer walks in darkness, but is illuminated by the light and power of the Spirit. Christ has established his kingdom as the Bible said he would, in the last days, and God speaks again to His people, as He did in days of old."

In a trance, Robert listened. The man's voice was like music that reached the depths of his soul and it was with regret that he arose at the end of an hour for the benediction. He followed his father when he pressed eagerly to the front to shake hands with the speaker and was astonished when he heard his father inviting the man to take tea with them the following evening. He wondered what his mother would say, but save for a tightening of the lips, she made no sign at the announcement.

Mr. Barry purchased a lobster for the occasion,

which the young man heartily enjoyed, but to Martha's astonishment, refused the tea which she proffered him, saying that he no longer drank tea or coffee. He praised Martha's preserves and tea cakes, however, till she fairly glowed with pride and gradually her stiffness vanished.

"You see, Mrs. Barry," he explained, "we go out without purse or scrip and seldom have an opportunity of enjoying so bountiful a repast."

"You mean to say, you receive no pay for your services?"

"None whatever, Mrs. Barry. We are only too glad to offer our services freely for the benefit of mankind."

Elder Fielding was bubbling over with good humor and had them shaking with laughter as he cleverly related some of his amusing experiences.

Martha was frankly puzzled. That the young man was honest and sincere, she had no doubt, but the parsons of her acquaintance were men of great dignity, held in awe by reason of their station in life.

Elder Fielding was interested in everything and even went out to the shop to see the willow chairs and to learn how they were put together and when Robert showed him his pets, stroked the white rabbit lovingly and imitated the cooing of the doves so cleverly that Robert laughed heartily and clung to the young man's hand affectionately.

When they returned to the house, Martha had washed the dishes and set the room to rights, so they seated themselves and John began asking questions.

"Why did the Mormons establish another church?

What did they want of another Bible? Did they really believe that God spoke to people today?"

"We do not call ourselves Mormons," replied Elder Fielding. "Members of the church in former days called themselves 'Saints.' Our church being based on the New Testament Scripture, we call ourselves 'Latter Day Saints.' 'Mormon' is a nickname given to us because we believe in the *Book of Mormon.* Mormon was one of the writers who kept the ancient records of the people who once inhabited America. These records were engraven on metallic plates similar to those kept by the ancient writers of the Bible.

"The *Book of Mormon* in no way takes the place of the Bible, for nothing in the world could take the place of such a wonderful book. God has preserved it miraculously that through its teachings the world might learn of Him and be saved. The *Book of Mormon* is but an added testimony that Jesus is the Christ. It tells of the people who were scattered from the Tower of Babel, who crossed the ocean and went to America, of another colony who were led from Jerusalem, having been told of the coming destruction of that city and the captivity of the people, and warned of the Lord to flee into the wilderness, where they wandered for a time and at last crossed the ocean and landed in Central America; and still another colony, including one of the sons of Zedekiah, that was led by the Lord out of Jerusalem at the time of its overthrow. The Lord continued to reveal to them His will and they like the descendants of Judah, who kept the Biblical records, made a record also, which gives additional testimony to the truthfulness of the gospel

and the comforting assurance that the God of the past still lives."

"And what became of all these people that were led to America?" asked John. "Columbus found only the red man."

"True," replied Elder Fielding, "but there is every evidence that North and South America were once occupied by a vast population and a wide-spreading civilization. We of Europe sometimes say with a superior air that America has no past. We call the western hemisphere the New World, yet long before Great Britain was inhabited, men were living in America that had reached a high state of civilization. When the Spaniards arrived in Mexico, they found not simply savages, but nations with armies, courts of justice, advanced agriculture and buildings of stone, the architecture of which were a marvel to the architects and sculptors of Europe. Empires rose in splendor and passed away, leaving abundant proofs of their energy, thrift and power. The walls of their magnificent temples are covered with writings, but no one can decipher them until a key is found similar to the Rosetta Stone that unlocked the inscriptions of Egypt."

"You mean they have ruins over there like those in Egypt?" asked John, in astonishment.

"Yes, they are very similar."

John shook his head wonderingly.

"The first people who built" continued Elder Fielding, "went into moral, social and spiritual decline and were entirely destroyed by pestilence and war. The second people built on the ruins of the first and were overcome and for the most part destroyed by a hostile

race. The remainder, such as the Aztec, Incas and American Indian, are but a remnant of those people, that have dwindled in iniquity. Those who were in charge of the records, hid them in the earth, where they remained for hundreds of years, until brought forth and translated by the gift and power of God.

"Our people differ from both Catholic and Protestant churches in one matter. Our Catholic friends believe in succession; that their authority and doctrines have come down to them from the days of the apostles in an unbroken line. Protestant churches believe that there was a rather complete apostasy during the dark ages. Their hope of escape from that dilemma was found in the reformation. We believe in restoration, that God moved again to restore his church on earth and that the blessings of old have returned and that angels are again visiting the earth."

Robert, sitting in a corner by the fireplace, hardly daring to move lest his mother remember and send him to bed, stirred excitedly. Instantly, his mother was upon him.

"See here, young man, it's long past your bedtime. Off with you!"

As if this were a signal, Elder Fielding arose, and extending his hand, thanked them warmly for their hospitality, and saying that he hoped to see them again soon, bade them good night.

As the door closed upon him, John turned to Martha eagerly.

"Those people have something that we have not! Our religion is but a dead form. With your consent, Martha, I'd like to join them."

"No, no, John," cried Martha, agitatedly. "I'll never give my consent! If you joined the Mormons, I could never lift my head again."

Without a word, John turned on his heel and climbed the stairs to the chamber above.

Chapter Four

WHEN the order for chairs had been completed, Mr. Barry took to the road again and Robert hoped that by the time he returned, the strained relations existing between his father and mother would be forgotten as had happened so many times before.

Life was dreary indeed, however, when his father had gone, for now there was no one to whom he could turn for companionship. His mother, he knew, would be silent and moody for days, knowing that she had made his father unhappy. He took to tramping the countryside in search of adventure.

One day, he discovered a hole in the tall hedge surrounding the estate of Squire Morris. He had often passed the gates of the park, built round by a high stone wall over which he could not see, and had often wondered what lay beyond; now, he would see for himself. Flat on his stomach he lay, wriggling this way and that until he had wormed his way through and rising to his feet, found himself in a shady little wood, where a clear, mossy bottomed spring ran down to a green meadow, murmuring among the stones. The air was damp and misty from the grassy ferns growing along the edge. A startled pheasant suddenly took wing. A herd of shy brown deer went trooping past.

Through straggling clumps and briery hollows, he gained the top of a hill and caught his breath as the vast estate lay spread before him. There were rolling hills and a stream, like a silver ribbon, winding gracefully in and out. To the left stood the great house with its gables of warm red brick, the sunlight flashing from its diamond paned windows. And there was the driveway that led to the gate and lodge by the roadside which he had so often passed. There were velvety lawns of vivid green, a fountain and statuary set here and there and great beds of beautiful flowers. It reminded him of the Sunday school picnic he had attended the summer before, when the Earl of Delsmere had permitted the children to march through his grounds, herded by their teachers, who had sternly admonished them not to step out of line or to touch a single flower under any consideration. They had been hurried along with only a glimpse at the beauties of the vast estate. Now, he could look his fill, for the estates were very similar. He wished he could pick one of the beautiful flowers to carry home to his mother and stealthily crept a little nearer, but on discerning the gardener busy among the flower beds, shrank back, and was about to slip away when he was startled by the sharp report of a gun close by—a man brushed passed him, a limp hare dangling from his pocket and disappeared in the thicket.

Robert stared in amazement, for he recognized the man as the one who had slipped out the back door of the public house as the Squire had entered the front. He knew now that the man was a poacher. As the fact dawned upon him, panic seized him and he started

to run. He had made little headway through the underbrush, however, when a firm hand grasped him by the collar and a loud voice shouted: "You young scallawag! Wot are you doin' 'ere?"

With a frantic wrench, he freed himself, and trembling with fright, turned to face the gardener.

"W'ere's your gun?" he demanded.

"I—haven't—any—gun," stammered Robert.

"Don't lie to me! I 'eard a gun!"

"There's the man that fired the gun!" Robert pointed to the poacher, who, with gun over his shoulder, was just disappearing over the brow of the hill.

The gardener, in a frenzy, shook his fist in the man's direction.

"Hi'll get ye yet!" he stormed, then turning to Robert, shouted: " 'ow did ye get in 'ere?"

"Through a hole in the hedge," replied Robert whimpering.

"Well, get back there, as quick as hever ye can, and don't let me catch ye hin 'ere hagain or hi'll limb ye!"

Shamed and humiliated, he retraced his steps, the gardener following, until he had crawled through the gap in the hedge and was safe on the other side.

What would his mother say, he wondered, if she knew that he had been called a "scallawag" by a common gardener. He deemed it best not to tell her. After that, he was more content to stay close to home and to devote himself to his mother. They spent their evenings reading aloud from the Bible, the *Family Herald* and the *Penny Weekly* and during the day, were busy in the garden.

Like all English women, Mrs. Barry was a great lover of flowers. On one side of the house was her flower garden, and a beautiful garden it was, the finest in the village. In back, laid out in trim rows, flourished the vegetables, beds of cabbages, beans, peas, turnips, lettuce, carrots and onions.

Robert loved to work in the garden. It was so pleasant when the sun shone and the birds were singing overhead. He could weed and hoe and dream of the things he intended to do when he grew to be a man, and now was added the thought of America. Had Aunt Nell, Uncle Will and Elsie reached there safely, he wondered. It was time they were hearing from them.

One day, as he was busily engaged with his hoe among the cabbages, there was borne to him on the breeze, the far-off call of the huntsman's horn and the familiar "yo! yo, oo!" of the hounds. He raised his head and shading his eyes, scanned the distant slope. Yes, they were coming, men and women on horseback, following the hounds. How beautiful they looked! The women in green jackets, with long, flowing skirts, perched high on side saddles, were brandishing long whips. The men in scarlet coats, top hats and buff corduroy breeches, were urging their horses on at a gallop.

As he stood, thrilled at the sight, a soft warm body brushed against his legs and dove beneath the cabbages at his feet. Carefully lifting the leaves, he beheld the trembling hare. The dogs would soon be upon it, tearing it to pieces, or, if the hunters reached it in time, they would whip off the dogs and hold

aloft the bleeding, mutilated body. He had often watched them and had turned faint and sick at the sight. They should not have this one! Quick as a flash he caught it, held it beneath his jacket and ran with it to the shop, lifted the cover of a big chest and thrust the hare inside. The hounds were coming closer, they had crossed the ditch and came tearing across the meadow, straight for his mother's garden. He started toward them, wildly brandishing his hoe, but he might as well have tried to stop the river Mersey from flowing into the Irish Sea. On came the pack! Leaping the hedge, they swept across the lettuce bed, turned and darted through the vines of peas and beans, up and down they went, hither and thither, and on came the hunters, close upon their heels, dashing across the meadow, over the hedge right into his mother's garden, trampling under the feet of the horses, the cabbages and lettuce, turnips and onions so carefully cherished.

Robert stood speechless in amazement.

"They've lost the scent!" cried the men disgustedly, turning their horses this way and that, as the hounds, baying deeply, with noses to the ground, raced hither and thither.

A dispairing cry rent the air! Robert's mother, white and trembling, stood at the door of the scullery, viewing the devastation. Sorrow gave place to wrath. Her eyes flashed!

"How dare you come into my garden! You idlers! Wastrels! Profligates!"

The men drew rein and stared in astonishment. The women crowded about, then a hearty laugh arose,

joined in by all the members of the hunting party. One of the men flipped a coin, it fell at Martha's feet. Picking it up, she threw it with all her might, straight at the man's head.

"Take your filthy lucre and be gone!" she cried.

With a roar of laughter, the hunting party called the dogs, leaped the hedge and were off down the lane.

Martha sank to the doorstone and covering her face with her apron, sobbed aloud. The garden, her pride and joy, was ruined, past all hope of repair. Her lovely rosebushes were trampled to the ground along with the hollyhocks, foxgloves and sweet william that bordered the path.

Robert, with bent head, went slowly towards her.

"I'm sorry, Mother," he stammered. "I never thought when I took their hare, that this would happen."

His mother dropped her apron and regarded him through tear reddened eyelids.

"You took their hare?" she questioned in astonishment.

"Yes, Mother," he replied meekly. "It came into the garden, and hid right at my feet. The poor thing was so frightened! What if it had been Snowball? I couldn't bear to see them get it so I hid it. Come and see."

He helped her to her feet and led her to the shop, lifted the cover of the big chest and displayed the frightened hare.

"You poor thing!" she cried. Then turning to Robert, "You say it came straight into the garden?"

"Yes, Mother, right at my feet."

"Then nothing would have saved the garden. They were bound to follow the hare. Many's the time I've watched them, tearing up wheat fields, orchards and gardens, ruining good horses and risking their necks, all for this senseless sport."

Robert and his mother freed the hare and returning sadly to the house, were met by the postman, who handed them a letter bearing a foreign postmark.

"It's from Nell!" gasped Martha.

With trembling hands, she broke the seal, and seating themselves on the doorstone, Robert and his mother read:

Nauvoo, Illinois.
August 5, 1843.

Dear Martha:

You will be anxious to hear how things are going with us. To begin with, we had a very rough passage. Elsie and I spent most of the time below deck, so sick we cared little about what was going on, and Will spent most of his time waiting on us. I guess he wished more than once that we were back in old England, but all that is over and past and we are glad now that we came. We landed in New Orleans and came up the Mississippi River to Nauvoo. We enjoyed that, for there were so many interesting things to see.

Everyone has been very kind to us and there are so many English people here that we feel right at home. Just fancy, two thousand people landed here in the spring from England, Scotland and Wales. They

are flocking here from all parts of the country and the city is growing by leaps and bounds and bids fair to be the largest in the Middle West.

They say that three years ago this place was nothing but a swamp, with a few empty farmhouses, surrounded by unweeded farmlands. The leaders drained the swamps and laid out a city and everywhere is bustling with activity. Houses are going up on every side and a beautiful white stone temple is being built on the hill, where it can be seen for miles up and down the Mississippi River.

They have started to build a canal through the city and are talking of building a dam across the river so they will have power for their mills.

Their great aim is to build a city called Zion, where everyone will be free and equal and there will be no rich nor poor. They have suffered much persecution because they do not believe in slavery or the use of intoxicating liquor and because their ideals are so much higher than those of the rough frontiersmen. The people of Illinois were very kind to them when they were driven out of Missouri and have allowed them to locate here, where they have been granted a wonderful charter. A man named John C. Bennet, who was quartermaster of the State of Illinois, put the charter through and it was signed by Stephen A. Douglas, Secretary of State. An aspiring young lawyer named Abraham Lincoln, was so deeply moved by the stories of massacre and suffering these people have passed through, he rushed forward to the bar at the final passing of the bill to congratulate Bennet personally and to wish the new city success.

And a wonderful city it is going to be, for they say there are few more sightly spots in the United States. The river makes a horseshoe curve about the city, so there is water on three sides of us. A Methodist minister, who was visiting here the other day, said he felt as if he were in the city of Leghorn, Italy. Who knows but what some day it will be as great a city, if not greater, for they want to make it a city known to all the world for its pure and delightful laws and its learned and patriotic people.

Professor James Kelley, A. M., an alumnus of Trinity College, Dublin, has been elected president of the university they have started here, for the prophet is planning to have the children pass from the elementary grades right on through the university, so that no child will be handicapped as he has been by insufficient learning.

Think what a wonderful opportunity it will be for our children, for, Martha, I want you to come, so that Robert can receive the benefit of it also.

It's not necessary to join the church for these things are open to everybody and they are asking all good people to come and help build this clean, beautiful city.

There are several mills, an iron foundry and a pottery and Will thinks it'll be a good place for a chair factory. Living is very cheap, in fact you can live for about one-eighth what you can in England. Beef and pork are a penny a pound and butter four pence and in American money, corn is 12½ cents a bushel and wheat 25c a bushel.

Talk it over with John and if you decide to come,

get in touch with the agent for immigration, who has been appointed in England to manage the outfitting of the Mormons by co-operative buying. They have been able to bring people over quite comfortably in chartered ships at a cost of about four pounds per person.

I must close now, as Elsie wants me to leave room so she can write to Robert. Hoping to see you here before long,

Love,

Nell.

And below was scribbled in a childish hand:

Dear Robert:

I wish you were here. We live near the river and go bathing every day. Charley Pitman is teaching me to swim. Charley and I have such good times together. We like to watch the boats go up and down the river. When the whistle blows we run to the wharf to watch the boats come in. They have a big wheel on back that makes a big splash. Black men work on the boats. They are slaves. There are lots of Indians across the river. They come over in their canoes. They are kind Indians. Mother bought me a pair of moccasins like the Indian children wear. Come soon. Lots of love. x x x x x x

Elsie.

"Oh, Mother, let's go!" cried Robert, springing to his feet as if ready to start that very minute.

Mrs. Barry was silent. A far-away look came to her eyes as she gazed out beyond her devastated garden.

Robert tugged at her apron.

"Please, Mother," he begged.

"We will see when father comes," she replied absently.

Robert read Elsie's note again, pausing at the name "Charley Pitman"—"Charley Pitman" he murmured, regarding the name with a puzzled frown, then his face brightened. "Perhaps we could be chums!"

Mr. Barry's quest for orders carried him far and wide and it was uncertain when he would return. Robert scanned the highway frequently every day and at last was rewarded by discerning a familiar figure far down the road. As it drew nearer, however, he stood transfixed with horror, for the man tottered from side to side. It couldn't be—his father never drank! Terror stricken, he ran to the house.

"Mother, Mother, father's coming and he's—he's—" he broke down and sobbed.

His mother brushed passed him and hurried out into the garden. Mr. Barry was tottering up the path.

"I'm sick, Martha," he cried, at sight of her. "The doctor said I should go to bed, but I was bound I was coming home. It's been such a struggle to get here."

He sighed heavily.

Martha put an arm about him and helped him into the kitchen, then turned to Robert.

"Run and get Molly," she commanded.

"Yes, get Molly, she'll fix me up," murmured the sick man.

Robert was terrified. His father, so robust and hearty, had never had a sick day as far back as he could remember.

Molly came with her herbs and her leeches, but in spite of all her efforts, the sick man lapsed into unconsciousness.

"It's the fever!" she announced solemnly. "You'd better get Dr. Dayton from Manchester."

Dr. Dayton came and after a thorough examination, shook his head sadly. "I'm sorry, Madam," he said to Martha, "but I can do nothing for him. I wish I could tell you differently, but it's no use, his case is hopeless. All you can do is to make him as comfortable as possible. He may live for days and he may last for weeks, I have no way of telling."

Days passed; his condition remained the same, except that he was rapidly becoming weaker. It was evident that he could not hold out much longer. Martha stood hopelessly by doing all that she could to ease his suffering. In her extremity, she turned to Robert for comfort, and the boy felt as if he had grown up over night.

"If I'd only been kinder to him," she moaned. "He was sad when he went away, because I opposed him. If I had it to do over again, he'd do as he pleased. Whatever shall we do without him?"

"Don't worry, Mother, I'll take care of you," comforted Robert.

"You're a good boy, Robert. I don't know what I'd do without you."

The boy turned quickly to hide his tears. For his

mother's sake he would be brave, even though his own heart was breaking.

And Martha, who had held herself aloof from all her neighbors, was made to shed bitter tears over their generosity and acts of kindness, for all the best from their scanty store was proffered her; jellies and preserves, fruit and wine, found their way to her shelves, for John's friendly ways and happy disposition had endeared him to the whole countryside.

The sick man could partake of none of their dainties and Martha ate very little, but Robert's boyish appetite welcomed the good things that were brought to their door. The wine, Martha hid away for she was opposed to the use of it. Not for worlds, however, would she have refused the kind offerings, now that her heart was chastened.

There came a day when Robert, unable to stand the sound of his father's labored breathing, ran out to the garden, and throwing himself upon the turf beneath an old apple tree, sobbed out his heart in despair.

The creaking of the gate aroused him, and looking up, he beheld Elder Fielding striding up the path. Hastily wiping away the tears, he arose to meet him.

"Hello, Robert, my lad," he greeted cheerfully, placing an arm about the boy's shoulders. "What's troubling you, son?"

"Father's sick. He's—going—to die," he sobbed.

"No, laddie, your father is going to live!" declared Elder Fielding confidently. "I've been sent here as an instrument in God's hands, to show forth His healing power. Your father was a believer, he is entitled

to the blessings promised. I was miles away when it was shown me that your father was very ill and I was told to come and minister to his needs. So dry your tears and take me to him."

Wonderingly, Robert led the way to his father's chamber. Martha, seated at the head of the bed, arose to meet them as they entered, made an effort to speak but failed and burst into tears. Elder Fielding strode to her side.

"Never fear, Mrs. Barry," Elder Fielding said kindly. "I bring you comforting news. Your husband will live and be a blessing to many. Will you kneel with me while we have a word of prayer?"

Mrs. Barry sank to her knees beside the bed and Robert knelt by her side, while Elder Fielding offered an earnest prayer in behalf of the sick man. Then, rising, he took from his pocket a small vial of oil and anointed the head of Mr. Barry, offering a short prayer. Then, placing both hands upon his head, poured out his soul in fervent supplication for the relief of the afflicted one.

The prayer ended, Elder Fielding seated himself by the bed and watched earnestly for signs of returning consciousness. Presently, Mr. Barry sighed and opening his eyes, looked from one to the other in a puzzled manner. Suddenly recognizing Elder Fielding, he reached out his hand.

"What does this mean?" he asked, looking wonderingly about.

"You have been a very sick man," replied Elder Fielding.

John looked at Martha. "Tell me about it," he

begged. But Martha was so overcome, she was unable to speak and Robert stepped forward eagerly.

"God has healed you, Father," he declared. "Dr. Dayton said you were going to die, but the Lord sent Elder Fielding to save you."

"To God be all the praise," stated the young man humbly.

"How wonderful!" sighed John, closing his eyes, as the tears coursed down his cheeks. Martha bent over him, wiping away the tears.

"Things are going to be different from now on, John," she said contritely. "I'll not stand in your way any longer."

His face became joyous.

"I'm well!" he declared. "I want to get up."

Mrs. Barry looked doubtful, but Elder Fielding assured her it would be all right.

"Come, Robert," he said, "Let's go find the Bible."

Downstairs, they opened the book to the fifth chapter of James and Elder Fielding read aloud: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

"My boy," he said solemnly turning to Robert, "this day has this Scripture been fulfilled."

With a strong sure tread, Mr. Barry appeared on the threshold, a happy wife by his side.

"Tell us, Elder Fielding," urged John, "how you knew that I was sick."

"It was shown to me in a vision," replied the young man. "I saw this house; I saw your wife and boy weeping; I saw you lying upon your bed, and a voice spoke to me and said, 'Go, and anoint the afflicted one and he shall be healed.' I came, and found everything as it was shown to me and the blessing has been yours."

"It's like the stories we read in the Bible," puzzled Martha.

"It is the same," Elder Fielding assured her. "God loved not the children of the past more than the children of today. His promises are the same, yesterday, today and forever. But now I must leave you and return to my field of labor. I have been anounced as the speaker for tonight in Manchester."

"Stay," cried Martha, "I'll get you a bite to eat, for it's long past midday," and bustling about, she soon had the table set with her best china and a dainty lunch prepared and as they ate, they talked of the letter that had come from Nell and the possibilities of the new land.

"Go, by all means," urged the young man, "and see things for yourself, for the time is coming, and is not far distant, when peace shall be taken from the earth, and all who will not take up their sword to fight against their neighbor must flee to Zion for safety."

"Farewell, friends," he said, on departing, "when we meet again may it be in Zion, where we shall all rejoice together."

Chapter Five

A DISMAL fog obscured the landscape and made everything damp and disagreeable that day in September when the Barrys embarked on the little sailing vessel that lay at the wharf in Liverpool.

It had taken some time to dispose of their worldly possessions and Robert found his mother in tears more than once as she held in her hand a treasured keepsake. Martha was a home-loving woman and thrifty. Everything that came to her hand, if only a bit of string, was carefully preserved, and now, after years of accumulating, to have everything swept from her, was a severe trial, but for John's sake, she tried to face things bravely. His sickness and the breaking up of their home, was telling on her. White and shaken she clung to her husband's arm. Robert following closely, as they made their way below deck, where it was so dark they could scarcely see anything at first, for the lanterns hanging from the great beams, gave but a dim light. Everywhere was noise and confusion, men and women talking excitedly, babies crying, and chests, bundles and baggage of all sorts were strewn about the floor.

Making their way to a small cleared space, John seated Martha on a big chest and bade Robert to keep

watch while he hunted up the bedding and got the bunk fixed, so she could lie down.

Robert stationed himself by her side and presently a tiny girl came sidling up to him.

"Moosic, pay moosic!" she commanded, spying the concertina that Robert held tightly beneath his arm, for the desire of his heart had been granted. On hearing that Robert was bound for America, old Billy Waulkner had placed his concertina in the boy's arms, saying: " 'ere, take hit along with you. I'll get me another. Your grandad and me was boys together; 'e was that good to me, I'd like to remember I did something for 'im."

Robert had been almost overcome with gratitude.

"I'll write to you," he promised, eagerly, "and tell you about everything."

"Then hit's a bargain!" Bill had replied.

And now, he had no sooner stepped aboard the vessel, than he was being importuned for music. Seating himself on a bundle of luggage, he began fingering one of the plaintive melodies that the old man had taught him. Instantly, a group of children that had been racing madly from one end of the cabin to the other, came quietly and sat wide-eyed on the floor about him. Thereafter, whenever he saw that the noise of the youngsters was driving his mother to distraction, he brought out his concertina and charmed them with its melody. He learned to play the hymns and was called upon to accompany the singing during the morning and evening devotions, and so, with much practice, he soon became proficient in the art and his music whiled away many a weary hour for the pas-

sengers. Sometimes the strains of a merry tune would set their feet to dancing, but this was frowned upon by the elders and Robert, noting this, would quickly change to a hymn.

Martha was seasick during the entire voyage and lay weak and miserable, scarcely able to lift her head. Robert and his father proved to be good sailors and spent much time on deck, where they sat for hours, watching the endless tossing of the sea, their hearts singing for joy, that at last they were on their way to America.

One day a school of dolphins filled the passengers with wonder and delight as they played about the ship, curving their gleaming black and white bodies, they leaped high in the air, then darted like swift arrows through the waves.

The white seagulls, following constantly in their wake, were also a source of amusement with their graceful movements on the wing, as they circled in the air and skimmed lightly over the waves. And great excitement prevailed when a whale was sighted, blowing in the distance.

The dark body of a steamer bound for Europe, one day emerged out of a dense fog quite near them and was hailed with enthusiasm by all on board, but it passed quickly and was soon lost to view.

A pocket of calm was encountered which caused days of helpless drifting and much anxiety. The emigrants made it a subject of fasting and prayer and soon a breeze sprang up and the ship was again on her course.

The provisions supplied by the agent for the voyage were of the very best and more than ample; for while the law required that a certain quantity be put on board for each passenger, twenty pounds per head above this quantity and in addition a supply of butter and cheese was provided.

Order and cleanliness were preserved, in strong contrast to the slovenly and dirty arrangements of the majority of emigrants on ship board. A committee was appointed to act as police and to see that every person was in bed by eight o'clock in the evening and in the morning that every passenger was up, if able, his bed made, the rubbish swept together, hauled up in buckets and thrown overboard before seven o'clock. Implicit obedience was given by the passengers to those elected over them; their slightest word was law, always respected and cheerfully obeyed.

Classes for all ages were conducted on board, so that the children would not lose out in their schooling and the older ones might have an opportunity to learn something about the new country to which they were going, and also the aims and ideals of the church which was sponsoring the building of a city which the leaders fondly hoped would be like Enoch's city of old.

But in spite of the efforts of the elders in charge, to keep the emigrants busy and entertained, they all grew utterly weary of the endless, tossing of the sea, and when at the end of six weeks, they came in sight of New Orleans, they crowded to the rail with wild cheers. And there, amid the hustle and bustle, the shoutings of rivermen, the screech of whistles and the clanging of bells, they landed, and were conducted to

the Mississippi steamboat. There they were welcomed by a group of elders from Nauvoo, who shook hands with them, spoke words of cheer and helped them find comfortable places on board.

The Barrys were taken to a small stateroom on the upper deck, where they disposed of their bags and bundles and then went out to watch the busy scene about them. The river was full of boats similar to the one they were on. Such strange looking craft as they appeared to the eyes of the emigrants, with their tower-like funnels, belching black smoke, their three decks, topped with a pilot house that looked for all the world like a summer pavilion with its elaborate decorations and lace-like filigree.

Upon the paddle boxes and pilot houses, emblems were painted in gay colors. One had a picture of a waterfall, another a buffalo hunt and on others were flying birds and scenes of all kinds that were very entertaining to the onlookers.

Some were decked out with flags and streamers and the great paddle wheels, some on the side and some at the stern, churned the water into great masses of yellow foam. All looked trim from bow to stern, with white paint, clean and well-kept, and they rode majestically, like great, white swans, on the slow rise and dip of the river.

A bell sounded.

"All ashore that are going ashore!" was heard.

There was the sound of escaping steam, the big wheel began to turn. Robert and his father rushed to the side and leaned upon the railing. A deck hand was unfastening the mooring line. He ran for

the gangplank as the wheels plunged backwards and the boat backed into the middle of the river.

"We're off!" declared Mr. Barry, as the boat straightened and headed upstream.

"Martha," he cried, his face beaming, as he returned to her side, "do you realize you are on the Mississippi River, the great Father of Waters? And this," indicating the verdant land on either side, "is the new land of America!"

His enthusiasm began to communicate itself to Martha and for the first time since the journey began, she commenced to take an interest in what was going on about her.

The air was balmy. The river sparkled in the October sunshine. The sky was clear and blue. The churning beat of the great paddle wheel and the steady swish of the waves brought a soothing peace to Martha.

"I must say, the motion of this boat is much more pleasing than that of the one we just left," she declared. "I'm glad that voyage is over. I never want to see the ocean again as long as I live!"

Mr. Barry laughed.

"Robert and I enjoyed it."

The boy's face was radiant. He stood by the rail, his hair tossed by the breeze, his eyes taking in every detail as they slowly made their way upstream.

The boat rounded a curve; ahead, a crowd of people stood on a levee.

"See, Dad," he cried excitedly, "the boat must be going to land. Are all those people going to come on board?"

"Oh, no," laughed one of the men standing near. "It's a common practice to come down to the levee to see the boat come in. Why, I've known all business to be suspended in a town when a new boat arrived. The whole populace came to the landing then. It's an impressive and beautiful sight of which people never seem to tire."

Just then there were two long and three short blasts that made Robert nearly jump out of his skin.

"She's blowing for the landing," explained the man, although the boat was still in mid-stream.

Slowly and gracefully she swung toward the levee, her great paddle wheels slowing to a stop. The gangplank was swung out over the water, a black deck hand balanced on the extreme tip with mooring line in hand.

On and on, silently she glided. Robert was holding his breath for fear she would run up on the bank when jingle, jingle went the bells in the engine room; for a moment the wheels churned backward and jingle went the bells again; the wheels stopped, the bow touched the shore, just as her momentum was spent. The gangplank was lowered, several roustabouts ran out the line and made it fast.

Passengers tripped down the gangplank, others trotted aboard. Freight was hustled ashore and aboard by a long line of sweltering black men. Then the mate gave the big bell a pull to notify the near approach of departure. The mooring line was unfastened, the wheels plunged backward and again the boat was headed upstream, while many lingered on the bank cheering and waving.

Robert gave a satisfied sigh. This was life! At last they were out in the world of sunshine, away from dismal fog, the dull life of the mill hands, and the schoolmaster, who wielded his cane so vigorously. Never again would the master's cane bring terror to his heart.

The days passed pleasantly. Robert never tired of watching the discharging and loading of freight at the towns along the way; great hogsheads of molasses, flour, salt, wagons, mules and household goods of every description. The clatter of the gangplank, shouting bosses and sweltering men; trappers heavily bearded, their hair almost to their shoulders, in hunting shirt and deerskin trousers, a coonskin cap on their head with the tail dangling down their back, pioneer farmers behind ox teams that waited on the bank. Glimpses of towns in the making, groups of log cabins, their chinks and crevices plastered with clay, a small bit of land tilled around them, and tree stumps everywhere. Islands with their Indian tepees and boatloads of Indians clambering on board to dicker with the passengers.

Robert stared at them curiously. These were the people Elder Fielding had told about that had once been a white, delightsome people, but who had dwindled in iniquity and become dark and loathsome.

The black men puzzled him. Where did they come from? Why were they black and why were they slaves. He loved their gay laughter, the thrumming of their banjos and their melodious voices raised in song, especially on moonlight evenings when the boat had tied up for the night, navigation between islands,

rocks and snags, being too treacherous for night travel.

The air grew cooler as they traveled northward. A wedge of geese flew over, headed southward, honking raucously. Wild ducks floated on the water, diving now and again for food, their funny web feet paddling the air as their heads went under. Turtles sunned themselves on dead trees, bleached white. A clumsy flatboat floated past, guided by a long sweeping oar, its occupants, a pioneer and his family, fighting desperately to avoid the snags and rocks lying in wait for them. There would be river pirates lurking in the shadowed islands and roving bands of Indians along the shore ere they gained a foothold on a new site and turned their raft into a home.

The boat proceeded slowly on its up-river journey. A white current raced along her sides. The churning beat of the paddle wheel echoed along the bluffs, and behind, the swing and swish of the wake wave, broke along the short, clay beach. On one side of the river bank rose sheer steep bluffs, on the other, vast stretches of prairie, with here and there small patches of timber.

At last they reached Quincy and tied up for the night.

"Our last stop!" declared one of the elders who had come to meet them. "Tomorrow we'll be in Nauvoo!"

Quincy, the elder pointed out, had been the place of refuge for their people several years before, when they had been driven out of Missouri. They had gone to Missouri from Kirtland, Ohio, where they had suffered much persecution because of their religious belief, although Robert Lucas, who was governor of Ohio dur-

ing their sojourn there, had written to President Martin Van Buren, a letter, in which he stated that they were an industrious, inoffensive people and none of them had ever been charged as violators of the law.

Missouri being the extreme western frontier of the United States, they had sent missionaries to the Indians from Kirtland, who traveled fifteen hundred miles on foot, through a wilderness country, during the worst season of the year, occupying about four months, during which time they preached to tens of thousands along the way, and two nations of Indians, converting and organizing churches at the different stopping places.

Missouri was found to be a delightful region, with fertile soil that produced in abundance. It bid fair to become one of the most blessed places on the globe, an ideal place for the establishment of Zion, so the people went there, purchased land and built homes. The community grew rapidly, a publishing house, schools, stores and other institutions were established and a lot dedicated for the building of a temple in Independence, but within two years persecution came upon them.

"You people," said the elder, "who have come from a law-abiding country, can hardly conceive of the depredations committed by the mob element that rules the western frontier. Men were dragged from their homes, tarred and feathered, their leaders imprisoned; houses were unroofed and helpless women and children were driven over the frozen prairie without food and shelter for days, many of whom were barefooted and half-clothed. Mothers gave birth to babies in

the cottonwoods on the bank of the Missouri River, their only shelter from the storms that beat upon them being pieces of rag carpet held over them by the women. The wife of our prophet crossed the frozen Mississippi to this place, carrying two of her children in her arms while two walked beside her, clutching her dress, a brokenhearted woman, her husband in jail, not knowing if he were alive or dead."

"But why were they driven out?" asked John. "I thought this was a free country where people could worship as they pleased."

"May God hasten the day," replied the elder fervently, "when man will cease to war with man and wrest from him this sacred right. Missouri is a slave state. Our people are opposed to slavery, and while they have pledged themselves to observe strict neutrality on the slave issue, to the Missourian today, there is no neutrality. There is a large slave population in Missouri, which represents considerable property, for although a Negro may be purchased in Africa for a few gewgaws or a bottle of whiskey, he will bring from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars on the New Orleans market. There is continual fear of insurrection among the blacks and very drastic laws have been enacted concerning them, for they are the most valuable possession of the Missouri pioneer. Naturally, they use every means in their power to see that no menace to that property is allowed to exist. The majority of our people are from the east; they own no slaves and their attitude of treating the blacks much as they treat the white people, no doubt caused the slave owners much uneasiness. Then, too, the

Missourians were suspicious of all people who were dominated by group loyalties and they feared that our people would sometime dictate the politics of the state.

"They were suspicious also of people whose customs, speech and dress were different from their own. And above all, the religious convictions of our people, were deeply resented. Pioneer Baptists and Methodists were willing to concede that prophets of Biblical times had revelations and talked with angels, but the claim of these newcomers that they were having the same experience right along, was regarded not only absurd, but scandalously irreverent.

"The people of Quincy will long be remembered for their kindness to the oppressed of our people. Many of the settlers in Quincy are Easterners. They too, are opposed to slavery and for some time strained relations have existed between them and the Missourians, for they are often accused of harboring slaves and helping them on their way to freedom.

"They invited our people to settle among them, but when it was learned that a tract of land could be purchased cheaply, fifty miles up the river, around a little village called 'Commerce,' it was decided to purchase it and try once more to carry out our dreams of a perfected state of society, where there would be no oppression. Dr. Isaac Galland, one of our chief benefactors, having under his control a large quantity of land in the vicinity of our city, opened both his heart and his hands and bade us welcome to share with him in his abundance. He sold us his large estates on very reasonable terms and on long credit, so

that we might have an opportunity of paying for them without being distressed, and has since taken our lands in Missouri in payment for the whole amount and has given us a clear and indisputable title for the same.

"Our dreams are being realized, the city is building rapidly and bids fair to be the largest in the middle-west. It now numbers around thirty thousand, while Quincy, here, the next largest city in this vicinity, only numbers fifteen hundred."

Chapter Six

All on board were astir early the next morning, watching eagerly for the first glimpse of the new city. And a wonderful city it was, as it lay glittering in the afternoon sunshine, half encircled by a bend of the river. Its bright new dwellings surrounded by green gardens, ranged upwards to a dome-shaped hill, where a beautiful white stone temple was being erected. Beyond the city stretched fields of yellow grain where harvesters were busily engaged. Industry and enterprize were evident upon every hand and a cry of wonder and delight went up from the multitude, that had thronged the railing for hours, when, rounding a bend in the river, the city burst into view. Their voices were hushed as the elder began to address them:

"Nauvoo the beautiful! The largest city in Illinois! It stands as a monument to the industry of a consecrated people. Four years ago, this region was a malaria-ridden lowland about the deserted city of Commerce, an experimental community, consisting of several empty farmhouses, then owned by Captain James White, the first white settler, who came here in 1824 to trade with the Sac and Fox Indians. The Indians at that time had a village of five hundred lodges on the hill yonder, where the city now stands,

called Quashquema. Captain White purchased the village for two hundred sacks of corn and the Indians paddled across the river to Iowa. In 1839, Joseph Smith purchased the property from Hugh White, son of James White, and the farm of Isaac Galland lying west of it, for the sum of fourteen thousand dollars, and changed the name from Commerce to 'Nauvoo,' a Hebrew term signifying a 'beautiful place,' and a more beautiful spot for a city, would be hard to find. People are flocking here by the thousands from all parts of the country as well as from foreign lands."

The boat was nearing the landing. Two long and three short blasts reverberated from shore to shore. As the boat swung toward the wharf, a great shout went up from the crowd gathered along the river, followed by a song of welcome and a cheer for the new arrivals. There were excited wavings of handkerchiefs, hats were thrown in the air and sobs and laughter were heard as a familiar face was recognized.

Robert's heart beat high, as his eyes swept the crowd in search of Elsie. Then, with a glad cry, he spied her, with a group of children, perched on a log that jutted out into the river.

"Mother, Mother, there's Elsie!" he cried, excitedly, pointing to the children.

"And there's Nell," she declared happily, indicating a group near the end of the wharf.

"And there's Will, over yonder," shouted John, waving his arm frantically.

As the gangplank was lowered, and the line made fast, a stalwart man with a commanding personality,

stepped forward, his hand extended, to welcome personally everyone that stepped ashore.

"Our prophet, Joseph Smith!" declared the elder.

Robert stared in astonishment. This man the prophet? The one who claimed he had talked with angels? Why, he was just an ordinary man! So different to what he had expected. Just what he had expected, he was unable to determine. Certainly not a man who would shake hands with everyone on board.

The crowd pressed eagerly forward. Robert was propelled onward, until presently he found himself face to face with the prophet. He grasped the hand held out to him and looked searchingly into the face of the tall man above him. A pair of keen, blue eyes, looked deeply into his brown ones, a kindly voice said, "Welcome to Nauvoo, my lad," and the boy's heart was won. The hand was relinquished, he stepped ashore, and before he could draw breath, a pair of small arms were thrown about his neck and a kiss landed on his ear.

"Oh, Robert, I'm so glad you've come!" Elsie's face was radiant.

Robert was overwhelmed with confusion. Beside him, Aunt Nell was weeping on his mother's shoulder; Uncle Will was pumping his father's hand up and down as if he would never let go and everybody was talking at once. Aunt Nell, wiping her eyes, came to his rescue.

"There, there, Elsie, don't strangle Robert, now that he's reached here safely. My, such a time as I've had with that child. Scarcely a bite has she eaten today. And worry—ever since I told her that I wouldn't be

surprised if you landed here today, she's been afraid something would happen to the boat before it got here."

"Why, what could happen to the boat?" asked John in surprise.

"Plenty!" replied Will, grimly. "We've been hearing a lot lately about steamboat disasters. They get impaled on stumps, snags and rocks in the river, their boilers blow up, they take fire and there are frequent collisions. I'll admit I was a bit uneasy myself."

"My word!" exclaimed Martha, "I'm glad we didn't know about it before. The land was so close on either side, I felt perfectly safe, after being out of sight of land for so long. I had no fear of the river, whatever, and quite enjoyed this end of the voyage."

One of the elders who had accompanied them from England came rushing toward them.

"You've found your folks, I see," he exclaimed, briskly. "You'll be well cared for. I wish we could say as much for the others. Every house is filled, they say, and many are living in tents. It's going to be a big problem getting them all housed for the winter. I'll be glad when the Nauvoo House is ready for occupancy."

With an air of deep concern, he hurried away, to do what he could for those who had neither friends nor relatives awaiting them.

Nell and Will led the way up the embankment, conversing happily. An elderly lady, her arms filled with packages, was struggling up the incline to the roadway, when a lad the age of Robert sprang to her assistance. Martha looked at him with approval.

"A little gentleman!" she commented.

"That's young Joseph, the prophet's son," replied Nell. "He's the kindest boy, always going out of his way to help someone. I do hope he and Robert get to be friends."

The boys' eyes met as they passed. A pair of wonderful dark eyes, so like his own, regarded Robert gravely, then the boy smiled and passed on. Robert was thrilled! Here was a boy his own age, that had already won the approval of his mother, his Aunt Nell hoped they would be friends. But he was the prophet's son! Would he deign to be friends with an emigrant boy? Wistfully he regarded the sturdy lad ahead, who was assisting the old lady in such a dignified manner.

Elsie, who had been chattering like a magpie, as she skipped along the road beside him, now claimed his attention.

"What's the matter with you, Robert, have you lost your tongue?" she queried him sharply. "You haven't spoken a word yet! Aren't you glad you came?"

He turned to her in surprise.

"Of course I'm glad," he drawled, "but there's so much to see, I can't talk for looking."

"Well, I can look and talk, too," she declared briskly. "Do you see that white house with green shutters down the road, close to the river? That's where we live. We can see all the boats that go up and down and watch the Indians paddling their canoes. The Indians come across the river every Saturday to run races and play games and we have so much fun watching them."

The house was soon reached. It was a large, two-story frame cottage, situated on a four-acre plot of

rich, level ground, overlooking the river and was sheltered by an enormous maple.

They paused at the gate to look about them. Away to the south and west, the bluffs on the farther side of the river were a gray shadow under the skyline and below, rippled the waters of the great Mississippi. To the north and east were wooded hills and sloping green pastures, overarched by a clear, blue sky, and over it all a quiet peace prevailed.

"It's like a beautiful painting, come to life!" exclaimed Martha.

Nell pointed out the large clumps of "laylocks" as they made their way to the house, syringa and snowball, the beds of old-fashioned flowers, grapevines, raspberry bushes and other fruiting shrubs.

"Fruit does well here," informed Will, "and we have everything in abundance. The house is large—too large for just the three of us, so there will be plenty of room for all."

The last rays of the setting sun streamed in at the window as they sat around the big table in the dining room, leisurely enjoying the bountiful meal that Nell had prepared for the weary travelers. Their hunger satisfied, all trooped outdoors to view the sunset, for the western sky was ablaze with a wonderful display of colors; orange, old gold, violet and purple, all of which were reflected in the water below, till the river looked like a flood of shattered pearl.

"My word! What a glorious spectacle!" cried John. "I never saw anything so beautiful."

"Travelers tell us the sunsets here are unrivaled," replied Will.

Chairs were brought out from the living room and all made themselves comfortable on the wide veranda facing the river, as they continued to talk over all that had happened since last they met.

The sun sank below the horizon, leaving streaks of rose and pale yellow; a long gray cloud appeared, presaging night. The stars came out, one by one and a shy sickle of moon.

"Wait till the moon is full; we'll show you another wonderful spectacle," claimed Will. "Moonlight on the Mississippi is something never to be forgotten!"

"How does it happen that you're so fortunate in your location? Not all have so choice a spot, I'll warrant," asserted John.

"A man from Maine built this house," replied Will. "He built it after the pattern of his old home by the seashore and thought the sight of the river would assuage his longing for the ocean, but he missed the salt breezes and tang of the sea and it made him more homesick than ever. Then he had a chance to get on a farm, and his joy knew no bounds. All his life, he had scratched around in the stones of a rocky hillside, trying to find a foothold for his garden, and now, to be able to plow all day in virgin soil, without striking root or pebble, fills him with awe. He thinks he's reached the celestial city already. He's one of the happiest men in the world and one of the hardest workers. That's one of the advantages of this Zion we are trying to build; place a man where he can be happy and his work becomes a pleasure."

"Is this idea of building Zion, going to work?" asked John.

"It has to work; the success of the church depends upon it. It's God's way of satisfying human needs and building Christian men; our opportunity of saving ourselves, by spending ourselves for the good of each other. We must do right in industrial life or else we will be wrong in church life. The world has not learned how to utilize its man power and its physical resources for the uplift of mankind. Millions are idle, there is waste on every hand. In a rich country like this, where everything is to be had in abundance, people are actually starving. Something's wrong; that ought not to be. It's the business of the church to be 'the light of the world'; to show it how to live. The church with its Zion and its stewardships, is an example of how the things of this world may be used in the manner designed by God."

"It's stewardship—what do you mean by stewardships?"

"Why, every man is made a steward over his own property. When a man recognizes the fact that 'the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof' he realizes that the things which he possesses are, after all, God's, and he holds them only as God's steward, and should do with them what the law of God requires."

"And what does the law of God require?"

"Well, his first responsibility as a steward, is to care for his individual needs by the exercise of his powers and abilities. As he accumulates more than is needed for that purpose, 'one-tenth of the increase belongs to God.' He then carefully husbands the remaining nine-tenths until he is able to secure an inheritance. If he acquires a family, his circle of responsibility in-

creases and to them he owes his first responsibility. But having secured an inheritance which is sufficient to provide amply for himself and his dependents, then his circle of responsibility enlarges again and he owes something to his neighbors. That something we call surplus and the surplus, like the tithe, belongs to God and is consecrated, or set apart for the purpose of helping others. The chief purpose of surplus is to assist worthy people of ability, who lack capital, to secure an inheritance. The assistance rendered is not a gift, you understand, but an opportunity whereby the ability of one steward is combined with the surplus of another to assist the needy steward to a point where he too, can create surplus. The flow of capital from surplus producing stewards is to be a common fund to accomplish some of the projects requiring a greater volume of capital."

John scratched his head thoughtfully.

"I don't believe it'll work," he declared doubtfully.

"It'll work if we can put away envyings and strife," replied Will. "It doesn't take a great deal of money to supply a person's needs. One can only use about so much anyhow."

"I guess you're right," replied John.

"Tomorrow we'll go to the Temple, where the prophet is to deliver an address to the new arrivals. The Temple is not completed, but services are being held in the lower auditorium. After that, we'll take you around and show you the city."

Chapter Seven

ROBERT, seated in the Temple with his father and mother and a multitude of others, listened intently to every word that fell from the lips of the prophet.

Very humbly he spoke, warning them not to look to him for perfection, that he was merely a man, with all a man's weaknesses and imperfections, who had been chosen to carry out God's purposes. That he was striving with them, to overcome his infirmities and begged them to bear with him and with all the infirmities of the brethren in a Christlike manner, "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

He warned them not to expect that all would be harmony, peace and love, for they had come from different states and different nations and naturally there would be prejudices and differences of opinion on many things, that would require time to be overcome. Then, too, there would be many creep in unawares, who would endeavor to sow discord, strife and animosity among them, and by so doing bring evil upon them, but these things would have to be borne patiently.

He admonished them to keep the commandments of God and not to be discouraged by these things and eventually they would be able to see eye to eye and rejoice in the full fruition of the glory that was reserved for the righteous.

"We claim no privilege," he said, "but what we feel cheerfully disposed to share with our fellow citizens of every denomination and every sentiment of religion: and therefore say, that so far as being restricted to our own faith, those who desire to locate themselves in this place or the vicinity, are welcome to do so, and we will hail them as citizens and friends and shall feel it not only a duty, but a privilege to reciprocate the kindness we have received from the benevolent and kindhearted citizens of the State of Illinois."

Robert saw his father quietly lay his hand on his mother's and knew that he was assuring her that she would be welcome, even though she had vowed to remain true to the religion of her father and mother to the end.

The Barrys with a number of others, lingered after the meeting had been dismissed and strolled about the building. They watched the men with hammers and chisels fashioning and polishing the massive pieces of limestone that formed the outer wall of the Temple from cellar to roof; its great pillars with their moon-shaped pedestals and star and sun-crowned capitals.

A guide took them to the basement where they were shown the baptismal font. It stood upon twelve oxen, four on each side and two at each end, their head, shoulders and forelegs projecting out from under the font.

"Why, it's like the molten sea that was built for Solomon's temple!" Martha knew her Bible.

John gazed at the oxen admiringly. "What beautiful animals!"

"They were copied after the most perfect five-year-old steer that could be found in the country," stated the guide, "and are an excellent likeness of the original. They were carved out of pine with infinite patience by Elijah Fordham of New York City. It has taken eight months to complete them. It is intended to overlay them all with gold, so that when finished they will have a grand appearance. Water for the font is supplied from the well in the east end of the basement which is thirty feet deep."

They returned again to the main auditorium.

"It is estimated that the whole building will cost a million dollars," continued the guide, "and will exceed in splendor and magnificence any building in the west at the present time. The cornerstone was laid on April 6, 1841. The church was eleven years old that day. The work is being done by skilled laborers, who work nine days to provide for their families and on the tenth day, work for the Temple. The stone is taken from two quarries along the river, one above and one below the city, that provide a good grade, as you can see, of gray limestone. Besides this auditorium where the service was held today, there is to be an upper auditorium and rooms above for the use of the various quorums. This Temple and the one we built in Kirtland, Ohio, are the only Temples in the world built by direct command of God. There's not a man in Nauvoo so poor but what he is proud to

give his tenth day's work, for he feels that he is handing down to his children a priceless heritage.

"The Temple will be visible for miles up and down the river and from the surrounding country." He led the way to the front of the building and pointed toward the river. "There is no more magnificent view between here and New Orleans than the one before you."

Robert, who had been closely following him, caught his breath at the grandeur of the scene below. The great river, glinting in the noonday sun, encircled the hill upon which they stood and numbers of boats were passing up and down. A fairy isle, covered with beautiful timber, lay between them and the farther shore, where the autumn coloring of the woodland, could be seen on the bluffs, rising abruptly from the river. The plain below was dotted with dwellings of brick, wood and stone; gristmills, sawmills, an iron foundry and a pottery were also visible.

As they stood, entranced, a line of stolid oxen came slowly plodding up the hill, with great blocks of stone, swinging by heavy chains, beneath big carts, to be put in place by eager workmen.

"What building is that there?" asked John, indicating a large structure to the right of them.

"That's the arsenal," replied the guide. "Nauvoo has a military organization second to none in the State of Illinois. It is called the 'Nauvoo Legion' and numbers five thousand men. Because of the nearby Indian frontier, the statute laws of the state make it obligatory upon every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to train for military service. He

must provide himself with an efficient firearm and report at a certain time when ordered by the military authorities, for drill. The legislature of the state has made Joseph Smith, Lieutenant General."

"You should see him on parade, John," exclaimed Will, proudly, "with his chapeau decorated with ostrich feathers, his blue coat and buff trousers and high military boots; a commanding figure indeed. He has a bodyguard of sixty horsemen armed with broadswords. His wife rides with him on parade days. She's a splendid horsewoman and makes an excellent appearance upon their black horse, Charlie. Their son, Joseph, also belongs to a small group of horsemen. And you should see Bailey's boy troops—they're a spectacle worth seeing. There are about six hundred of them. You'll want to join them, Robert."

"There is considerable rivalry between our organizations, the Carthage Grays and the Quincy Blues," stated the guide, "but there is no question but what ours are the finest, both in appearance and in response to commands."

A handsome black horse with a white star in his forehead, came prancing up the hill, a sturdy lad astride his back. The guide eyed them lovingly.

"Here comes Charlie now, and the prophet's son," he said softly. "He comes every day to watch the workmen and to dream about the future, probably, for some day the boy will be taking his father's place. There's a wonderful future in store for the lad!"

Robert eyed the beautiful animal, holding his head so proudly.

"I wish I had a horse like that to ride," he cried, eagerly.

"It would be hard to find another horse like Charlie," replied the guide. "He's a wonderful animal, so high-spirited and proud in carriage and yet as kind and gentle as a kitten. He's been with the family through many vicissitudes, pulling their wagon from Kirtland to Missouri and from Missouri to Illinois, across the rolling prairie and the frozen Mississippi. He's absolutely afraid of nothing. I've seen him stand close beside the cannon when it was fired and act as if he enjoyed it, and the thunder of the big bass drum on parade days, that can be heard as far as Fort Madison, seems to exhilarate him."

As the boy drew rein, the guide reached out and patted the noble animal affectionately, while the workmen jovially greeted young Joseph. It was evident that both horse and rider were very popular.

The ringing of a bell warned that the noon hour had approached and reluctantly the Barrys turned their steps toward home. As they wended their way down the long hill to "the flat" as the plain below was called, Robert's keen eyes were alert to all about him. The streets were wide and nicely laid out, with shade trees of locust, elm and maple. The gardens were gay with flowers and set out with fruit trees and grapevines. Buildings were going up on every hand and the ring of hammers echoed up and down the valley.

They passed the doors of cabinetmakers, tailors, watchmakers, tinsmiths, blacksmiths, doctors, lawyers,

bakers and laborers of every kind. The place was alive with business and the people alert, intelligent and neatly dressed. Their countenances beamed with happiness and friendly greetings were exchanged on every hand.

"Everyone seems so happy!" commented Martha.

"So they are!" replied Nell. "They are freed from the yoke of oppression and the iron hand of poverty and are in a position now where they can sustain themselves. Life is more than a treadmill existence. They have something now for which to live. All are to be equal in things both temporal and spiritual. There are to be no rich and no poor, for each is to receive according to his needs. They are each to have their own home with a plot of ground and an equal opportunity for development."

"Well, no wonder people are flocking here from all over the world if they are to be given a home and everything they need."

"But they have to earn them, Martha. The Bible says, 'The idler shall not eat the bread of the laborer nor wear his garments.' All who can supply their own needs are bound to do so. If they are unfortunate because of physical defects and are worthy, their needs are supplied, for the strong should bear the burden of the weak, but no one wants something for nothing if he is able to work for it. All worth-while people ask is a fighting chance and here everyone is given a chance."

"They seem like a bright, intelligent people and they all look clean and neat."

"The prophet is continually exhorting them to be

clean," replied Nell, "that 'God cannot dwell in unholy temples.' So they take great pride in their personal appearance and the appearance of their homes. We have a Female Relief Society that is doing a splendid work along that line. It was organized last year and the prophet's wife is president."

"The prophet's wife—what kind of a woman is she?"

"One of the finest you ever met! You'll like her," replied Nell with enthusiasm.

"And this boy, Joseph, is he the only child?"

"He's the oldest boy. There's Frederick and Alexander and a girl, Julia, that they adopted. They lost several children before Joseph was born; a pair of twins—that's how they came to adopt Julia. She and her twin brother were born the day the Smith twins died and when the Murdock twins were left motherless, the Smiths adopted them. The boy died, however—caught cold one night when he was sick with the measles and a mob came to the door and dragged the prophet out and tarred and feathered him. A draft of cold air struck the child when the mob left the door open."

"My word! What a life the poor woman must have led!"

"She's carried a heavy burden ever since she has been married to him, but she does it cheerfully and well. She's a wonderful mother; training the children to be kind and thoughtful of everyone. Their home has always been crowded with visitors, but she makes everybody welcome."

They passed the Masonic Hall, a substantial build-

ing nearing completion which Will said was the finest in the state, for all the cabinetmakers from home and abroad had used their best skill in beautifying the interior.

As they neared the foot of Main Street, Will pointed to an old log house that stood on an eminence facing the river.

"That's where the prophet lived when they first came to Nauvoo. It used to be an Indian trading post. It was overrun with visitors, so last year they built the Mansion House over there in order to accommodate more people." He indicated a large, substantial looking house that stood on the corner close by.

"After it was built, they decided to make it into a hotel so built that addition running out from the south wing toward the east. It has twenty-two rooms in all."

Robert ran to peer down at an immense foundation that was being laid opposite. "What's this going to be, Uncle Will?" he called.

"That's the Nauvoo House, Robert, that Elder Gaynor was wishing we had finished. It's to be a grand hotel where travelers may rest. There'll be a wonderful view for miles up and down the river."

"Fancy, Martha, no intoxicating liquors are to be allowed within its doors!" Nell exclaimed triumphantly.

Martha stared in astonishment. "My word! How do they expect to run a hotel without intoxicating liquors?"

"That's what they intend to do!" affirmed Will.

"I'm hungry!" broke in Robert. "Can't we go home now?"

"We must!" replied Nell hurriedly. "Elsie will be waiting for us. I told her to set the table as soon as she came home from school."

"Well, folks," said Will later, as they arose from the dinner table, "do you think you can amuse yourselves this afternoon? I must get to work."

"Work," echoed John, "is the thing that is troubling me. What are the chances of starting a chair factory?"

"Good," replied Will, "but we've got to get these people housed for the winter. That's the big problem right now and if you want to try your hand at carpentering, there's plenty to be done."

"It's as good as anything; I'm with you," agreed John.

"Very well, now what are you women going to do?"

"Oh, Mother, come visit school," begged Elsie.

"Let's see," pondered Nell, "this is Friday afternoon; you'll be having your program. Would you like to go, Martha? They have a splendid teacher, a Mr. Munroe who came from the East. He takes a great interest in the children and has spelling matches, debates, recitations and plays every Friday afternoon and is developing some fine talent. I think you'd enjoy hearing them."

"Oh, yes, Mother, let's go," cried Robert eagerly and Martha assented.

Mr. Munroe's pleasant face lighted as they entered the schoolroom in the upper part of a big brick store that stood on the corner west of the old log house.

"We're always glad to have company," he greeted

cordially, as he placed seats for them facing the children.

Robert was surprised at the large number present. They were clean and neatly dressed and all were bright and intelligent. He enjoyed the program immensely and was astonished at the dramatic ability displayed, especially by Hiram Clawson, who seemed to be the leader and the best of the players. Another boy, Henry Anderson, dressed as an old man, recited "Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man" so effectively that it brought the tears to his eyes.

The "spell down" which ended the program, caused quite a bit of excitement, for the teacher exhausted the words in the spelling book and was compelled to use the dictionary to down the last of them, who seemed to be evenly matched. Young Joseph, the smallest of those left standing, was on the end of the row, spelling readily every word that came to him.

At last the teacher gave out the word "cholagogue" and down they went one after another, till it came to young Joseph and he spelled it correctly.

Mr. Munroe stared in astonishment.

"Why, Joseph, where did you find that word?"

"On the end of Robinson's Row, Sir, in an advertisement for an ague cure," he replied.

"How many have seen that advertisement? Hands up!" commanded Mr. Munroe.

Joseph's hand was the only one raised.

"That advertisement is there, in plain sight," declared the teacher, "and the word is printed in large letters, easily seen by anyone passing along Main Street and Joseph is the only one that has noticed it

and even remembers how that difficult word is spelled," whereupon he proceeded to give them a lecture on the importance of using their eyes.

"Joseph has a wonderful memory," whispered Nell. "He remembers the names and faces of everyone that stops at the hotel if it's only for one night."

Chapter Eight

SATURDAY was a big day in Nauvoo, for the men had a half holiday and the Indians came from across the river to join them in their jollifications. By ten o'clock in the morning, a steady stream of Indians came paddling across the river in their canoes.

Robert stood on the bank and watched them dipping their paddles into the shining stream, apparently without effort, yet their boats shot forward in a way that indicated skillfully applied power. Their varicolored shawls, blankets and gaudy trappings, fascinated him. The big braves resplendent in paint and feathers, filled him with awe, as silent and statuesque they stood about. Many of the squaws carried papooses strapped to their backs and all the little Indian boys were armed with bows and arrows.

Robert was especially attracted by one old Indian whose face was deeply seamed, but whose expression was kind and intelligent. His headdress was different to the rest and he wore a necklace of bears' claws.

"That's old Keokuk," said Nell, pointing him out. "He's chief of the Sac and Fox tribes. He's been chief since 1812, when he made a stirring speech, deriding them for their cowardice in leaving their villages and the graves of their forefathers to the mercy

of their enemies. They say his grandfather was a Frenchman, who married an Indian maiden. His cousin, Black Hawk, was a great warrior, who made lots of trouble for the early settlers. He was defeated in several wars and he and Keokuk went with a party of Indians to Washington to arrange a peace treaty. Black Hawk died several years ago and they say he was buried in a sitting posture on a seat built for that purpose, dressed in a uniform presented to him by the president, and the cane given him by Henry Clay, was placed upright on his left side, with his hand resting upon it. He was an eloquent speaker and considered a noble Indian."

"A noble Indian," repeated Martha. "I never heard tell of a noble Indian. I thought they were a bloodthirsty lot!"

"Oh, no, they're not," declared Nell. "The poor Indians have been more sinned against than sinning. They're not the cruel, bloodthirsty people we have always thought them. They are most responsive to a sincere friendship. They never forget, nor let a kind word or the smallest favor go unrewarded. These Indians that are here today, are more clean and pleasant looking than some on former visits, for the prophet has had all grog shops ferrited out. It's drink that turns the Indians into demons, so no drinks are allowed on the place."

The squaws and little Indian boys had gathered about the Mansion House and young Joseph was kept busy setting apples on top of a stick for the little boys to shoot at. It was amusing to see their glee when they succeeded in hitting and how eagerly they

gathered up the apples and took them to their mothers to keep for them.

One of the men made a split in a stick, stuck in a coin and stood that up for the boys to shoot at. They were all missing it, when an old Indian, standing near, gave a grunt, jerked his bow from his shoulder, selected an arrow from his quiver and placing it on the string, drew it full length and let drive. The warrior then calmly unstrung his bow, walked slowly forward, picking up the arrow from the grass and then the coin, which the point of his arrow had knocked out of the cleft of the stick.

"Fancy that!" ejaculated the astonished Martha.

Robert eyed the big bow and arrow wistfully.

"Oh, Mother, I wish I could try shooting with that."

The stalwart Indian turned at Robert's words, looked at him keenly for a moment, then took his bow from his shoulder, selected an arrow, set it on the string and handed the weapon to Robert.

Quivering with excitement, Robert took it and applied all his strength to the task of bending the bow, but could only pull the arrow up a few inches. The Indian took it from him and easily drew the arrow full to the head. Then, very sedately, he strode up to one of the little Indian boys, seized his bow and arrow and handed it to Robert.

With ease, Robert bent the bow and confidently aimed at one of the apples. To his astonishment and utter embarrassment, the arrow went wild and the squaws, seated on the ground, voiced their disapproval in deep gutteral tones, while the faintest

flicker of a smile crossed the mobile sternness of the Indian's face.

A meek and discomfitted Robert, handed the bow back to the waiting boy, who had retrieved the arrow, and watched with a keener interest thereafter, the skill displayed.

In the afternoon, there was a season of running, jumping and wrestling between the white men and the Indians, the latter stoical and noncommittal, as though not a bit interested in the outcome.

When they had tired of this, they seated themselves on the ground and the prophet, through an interpreter, talked to them of the *Book of Mormon.*

Robert was never to forget that scene. The Indians with their feather headdresses and bright colored blankets, seated on the slope facing the river, were awe inspiring, as they listened, unmoved, to the words that fell from the lips of the interpreter.

A gentle breeze rustled the branches of the locust trees, the soft lapping of the waves along the shore mingled with the twitter of birds. The air was balmy as spring—"Indian summer" they called it.

A feeling of pity for these unfortunates, suddenly swept over Robert. He raised his eyes to the hills, where once their signal fires had blazed. Farther and farther back they were being driven by oncoming civilization. The graves of their ancestors were being upturned by the white man's plow. Long had they fought, and to no avail. But what was that, the prophet was saying as he held up the book that was in his hand.

"This book, O Chief, contains many wonderful

promises. You will not always be driven and hunted. Some day the hearts of the white men shall be turned toward you and they will care for your children. They will build schools and educate them; they will give them farms. Your children will till the soil and live in fine homes and be as white men are and they will obey the gospel and help build up Zion."

There was some conversation among the Indians in their own tongue, after which Chief Keokuk arose to speak.

"We feel thankful to our white friends who have told us the good news concerning the book of our forefathers. It makes us glad in here." He placed his hand upon his heart. "I have the book at my wick-a-up that was given me when you made a feast for Keokuk, Appanoose, Kishkukosh and a hundred of my warriors and their families. We have tried to follow the talk you gave us, to cease killing each other and to keep peace with the whites. It will soon be winter. We have much to do for our wigwams are poor, but we will build a council house and meet together and you shall read to us and teach us more concerning the book of our fathers and the will of the Great Spirit."

As they prepared to leave, Robert whispered to his mother: "I wish I had something to give to that big Indian who lent me his bow and arrow."

"Why not give him that big apple that Uncle Will gave you?"

Robert hesitated. It was an enormous one.

"These are the kind they grow in America," Uncle

Will had laughingly declared when he had presented it to him.

Robert dashed for the house. Returning, he hurried after the big brave, proffering him the apple. With a grunt, the old man took it and stalked away.

Chapter Nine

SUNDAY dawned clear and bright. The sun shone warmly and the river sparkled enticingly but when Robert and Elsie talked of going wading Martha sternly forbade it.

"This is the Sabbath!" she warned them severely. "You children must get ready and go to church."

Robert demurred as usual, but when he beheld Elsie, all decked out in her Sunday finery, he was eager to accompany her. How dear she looked in her lace-trimmed pantalets and blue merino dress over stiffly starched petticoats. The dress matched her eyes and her golden hair hung in ringlets about her shoulders.

Elsie was not unmindful of her attractiveness and seeing the gleam of admiration in Robert's eyes, she smiled happily.

"This is my Sunday dress. Do you like it?" she asked, gaily pirouetting before him.

Very sedately they joined the throngs that were filling the wide streets and slowly wended their way in the direction of the Temple on the hill.

A stocky lad with fair hair and blue eyes, the age of Robert, came hurrying to join them.

"Why, hello, Charley Pitman!" exclaimed Elsie.

Robert's heart gave a bound. Charley Pitman—the boy Elsie had written about. At last he would have a chum.

"Charley, this is my cousin," said Elsie, by way of introduction. "He just came from England."

Charley glanced at Robert indifferently, planted himself by Elsie and trotted along by her side.

Robert, oddly discomfitted, fell back a step or two, but his mother and Aunt Nell, who were walking behind, hurried him along.

Aunt Nell was pointing out the houses to his mother, as they went along. The white house with the green shutters was built by a family from New England. The red brick house surrounded by an old-fashioned garden, by people from Liverpool, England. The stone house by a man from Vermont. Every style of architecture was to be found she said, for each had built according to the homes from which they came, with trees, shrubs and many suggestions of a permanent abiding place.

They passed the publishing house of the *Times and Seasons.* The home of John Taylor, Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff and others of the dignitaries.

Climbing the long hill, they entered the Temple and were ushered to seats that had been placed temporarily in the lower auditorium. The prophet sat on the platform among a group of broad-shouldered, fine looking men in Sunday suits of fine black broadcloth, with high white stocks. Beside the prophet sat his son, Joseph, who seemed ill at ease.

"Looks as if Joseph didn't enjoy being up there on

the platform," whispered Robert's mother to Aunt Nell.

"He doesn't," replied Nell. "He'd much prefer sitting with the boys of his own age, for he doesn't like to be exalted above them, but when his father is home, he always takes Joseph up in the stand with him. He seems to want the congregation to know that Joseph will some day take his place. In fact, one day he placed his hands on the boy's head and said to the congregation, 'This is my successor!' "

Nell pointed out Hyrum Smith, who, she said, was devoted to his brother Joseph and associated with him in the Presidency; Sidney Rigdon, also of the Presidency, who had been a famous orator in Ohio and had been converted along with a hundred and twenty-seven of his congregation. Brigham Young, president of the Twelve Apostles, Parley P. Pratt, editor of the *Millenial Star* while in England; Dr. Willard Richards, John Taylor and others of the Twelve who had gone to England and in eleven months had baptized fifteen hundred people.

All having taken their places, Hyrum Smith arose and announced that they would all join in singing "Israel Is Free."

Robert thrilled to the swing and majesty of that great hymn. His discomfiture of a short time before was forgotten as he joined with the rest in the closing verse:

"Hail to the land of the mountain and prairie,
Gather to Zion's fair home in the west;
Free are her sons as the breeze round the aerie—
Birthplace of prophets and home of the blest.

There will the saints be one,
Thither we'll gather home,
Zion, thy beauties we're yearning to see;
Saints raise the heav'nly song,
Join with the ransomed throng,
Angels the notes prolong,
Israel is free!"

As the walls of the Temple rang to the grandeur of that hymn, it seemed to Robert as if they had truly joined the ransomed throng and that angels did the notes prolong.

Tears were streaming from the eyes of the older ones as they seated themselves. They had gathered from far and wide to this home in the West! Zion, their beautiful Zion! Here would the Saints be one. Here they would gather home. Israel was free!

A solemn hush fell upon the multitude as the prophet arose to address them. An odd expectancy vibrated in the air. As the prophet's eyes searched the multitude, Robert became aware of a power that stirred him strangely. In a manner both vibrant and composed, the prophet read the first chapter of first Peter, then gravely and earnestly he plead with his people to be humble, to beware of pride; not seek to excel one above another but to act for each other's good. To pray for one another; to avoid strife and backbiting. To be wise for their own soul's sake; honest, open and frank in all their intercourse with mankind.

"Be vigilant!" he exhorted. "Be sober. It is a day of warning and not of many words! In all your trials,

temptations and afflictions, see to it that you do not betray the Christ. God has constituted mankind moral agents and given them power to choose good or evil; to seek after that which is good by pursuing the pathway of holiness which brings peace of mind and a fullness of joy and happiness; or, to pursue an evil course, going on in sin and rebellion against God, thereby bringing condemnation to their souls in this world and an eternal loss in the world to come. God has left these things optional with every individual."

In closing, the prophet stretched out his hands in blessing.

"Oh, God," he supplicated, "give them wisdom and keep them humble, I pray."

With bowed heads the multitude arose and with tear-blinded eyes left the building and silently went to their homes.

Robert, deeply impressed, was scarcely aware of Charley Pitman who walked with Elsie, but in the days that followed, he was made painfully aware of the fact that Charley Pitman was not to be the boy chum he had hoped to find.

He was patronized, bullied and derided by the insolent Charley who mimicked his English accent, scoffed at the cut of his clothes, tripped him at every opportunity, snatched his hat from his head and in general made life miserable for him.

In spite of Charley's jibes and insults, Robert attended school regularly. He liked the schoolmaster, who was kind and considerate and he was eager to learn.

One day, after a heavy rain, a small, partially crippled boy stood in the doorway of the schoolhouse, looking dubiously at the mud puddles. Robert, who was especially tender and considerate of the weak and afflicted, offered to take the little fellow home pick-aback. They started out in high glee and were passing one of the largest of the puddles, when Charley Pitman deliberately jostled against them. Robert lost his balance, and together, he and the little crippled boy, went sprawling in the mud. A shout of laughter went up, followed by a dull thud and a howl of pain. Robert, lifting the bespattered crippled boy to his feet, beheld young Joseph, his face suffused with anger, gazing ruefully at the big umbrella dangling from his hand, for he had broken it across the back of the howling Charley.

"Try that again!" glared Joseph, "and see what you'll get!"

Without a word, Charley slunk away. Joseph took from his pocket, his clean, white handkerchief, and wiped the mud from the face and hands of the sobbing crippled boy and then helped Robert carry him home.

Charley Pitman, finding that Robert had a champion in young Joseph, ceased tormenting him and school days became more pleasant. The rebuffs, however, that Robert had received at the hands of Charley, made him more shy and sensitive than ever, so that he went quietly about his own affairs, having little to say to anyone.

He and Elsie spent much of their time together after school hours, wandering along the river, and young

Joseph often joined them. It was such a fascinating place to play. One day the river would be calm as a mirror, and the next, flecked with white caps and high waves; sometimes it was veiled with a silvery fog, from which could be heard the shouts of hidden boatmen.

When the water was low, jagged rock could be seen, stretching for miles along the river bed. There was the curved black rock called "The Turtle" and a huge spiked ledge called "The Porcupine," that looked like some huge animal floating among the swirling eddies. Joseph told them that many a canoe had been caught in the swift current and ripped to shreds by the raking ridge.

There was "The Hilt" also, where he said a steamboat had hung for hours, with straining engines and thrashing wheels, the passengers making their way to shore in skiffs, just in time to escape the explosion that had torn the boat into fragments.

And there was the "Turk's Head" with its whirlpool below, where they had been warned that the strongest swimmer would be sucked down, never to rise again. It was fascinating watching the rapids, leaping and swirling about the jagged rocks.

Sometimes they rowed across to the island, keeping well away from the danger line that marked the seething current, and catching fish in the quiet pools, cooked them over a fire they kindled among the rocks.

Some days were spent hunting big rough geodes, which they broke open, for they were hollow and lined with beautiful crystals that sparkled like diamonds.

"Who would ever dream that such homely old things could be so beautiful inside," marveled Elsie.

"They're like the people that stop at the Mansion House," declared Joseph. "Sometimes the roughest and homeliest, are the nicest inside."

Joseph showed them a deep ravine, that ran from the river up into the hills, where the water leaped down over a rock wall, some fifty feet high, and then ran gurgling from shelf to shelf of rock, making two or three falls. At the foot was a chamber, enclosed by high, rocky walls, with big trees and wild grapevines and an opening where the stream flowed down to join the river. There, seated on a great log, the whistle of wild ducks and the honking of geese fell upon their ears. Above them was the blue sky, laced by tossing branches and below, mossgrown shelves of rock and a tangle of hazel thicket. It was all so beautiful, the joy of living filled their young hearts with gladness.

One day, as Robert and Elsie stood on the shore vieing with each other as to who could skip stones the farthest, a canoe swept suddenly around the bend in the river and a stalwart Indian leaped ashore.

Startled, Robert seized Elsie's hand and was about to run, when he recognized the man as the one to whom he had given the apple. Stalking up to Robert in a dignified manner, the big Indian took from his belt a beautiful little bow and quiver of arrows and presented them to the astonished boy.

"Oh, O!" cried Robert. "Are these for me?"

The stern features of the old man softened.

"You—good papoose. Me likum—paleface—heap much."

He then proceeded to show Robert how to bend the bow and send an arrow straight and true.

Elsie stood watching them, then suddenly rushed forward.

"Oh, Robert, let me try!" she cried.

"Ugh! Squaw—no—shoot," the Indian said with a stolidity that made her feel very uncomfortable, as she backed away.

Silent and statuesque the big Indian stood, watching Robert's efforts.

"That—heap—good," he finally said, in approval, and with a contented expression on his face, pushed his canoe out into the river and took his departure.

Robert and Elsie stood watching him, as he paddled silently across the broad expanse of water towards the farther shore, then, as the canoe merged into the shadows, they ran to the house with their treasure.

"There, Martha, what did I tell you?" cried Nell, triumphantly. "An Indian never forgets a kindness, nor lets the smallest favor go unrewarded."

Chapter Ten

THE warmth of early autumn changed suddenly. The breeze that had blown balmily from the south, whirled suddenly around to the north, whipping angrily down the valley turning the river into a raging torrent that roared and beat upon the shore. White caps foamed and danced; great high waves came rolling in, strewing logs and rubbish in their wake.

The rain came down in torrents, that tore and lashed at woods and prairies, overflowing creeks and gullies till the roads were ankle deep in mud.

The last of the clumsy prairie schooners, drawn by stolid oxen and heavy-footed plow horses, lurched over the trails of thick, black mud, leading to the city. No longer would travelers venture along the difficult roads.

Winter closed in with snowstorms beginning early in November and cold winds that howled across the prairie. The river became a solid sheet of ice, strong enough to carry teams from state to state.

The emigrants had all found shelter, and though some were a bit crowded, made the best of things, knowing that when spring opened up again, they would be able to better their condition.

Winter was a busy time. The men had wood to

get out and worked together, making a jolly time of it, sawing and chopping, joking and laughing with many a test of strength and speed in which the prophet joined, cutting and hauling with his own hands and team.

There were corn huskings and quilting bees. Classes of all kinds were conducted for old and young. Some studied Latin, others Hebrew, that they might be able to read the Bible in the original.

There was a Dramatic Company, sponsored by Thomas A. Lyne, who had played second tragedian to some of the most famous actors of the day, and was an actor of no mean fame himself. He and his brother-in-law, George J. Adams, known to the stage world as "Mormon Adams," had once put on a performance of Richard III in Philadelphia, while on a missionary tour, and earned money to hire a hall in which to preach.

Hyrum and John Clawson and several of the women also, had considerable dramatic ability and gave a number of theatrical performances of Shakespeare's plays.

Skating on the river became a favorite pastime. Robert and Elsie spent so much time on the ice, they soon became numbered among the prettiest skaters, their grace and swiftness in skimming over the ice attracting much admiration and praise.

One day, young Joseph suggested that he and Robert skate across the river and visit the Indians in their winter quarters. Armed with long poles, lest they slip through an air hole and be compelled to climb out, they struck out. They made good progress, al-

though the ice was rough, for a strong north wind was blowing, which carried them along with little effort on their part. They passed ox teams drawn up at the island where wood choppers were plying their axes among the timber, and swept across to the opposite shore.

They found the Indians very comfortable in their lodge, with a warm fire in the center and couches of blankets and furs surrounding it. The women were busily at work, weaving mats and baskets; little girls were sewing red and blue beeds on moccasins; the boys were making bows and arrows and Robert's old friend sat fashioning a pipe. Robert offered him some apples that he had in his pocket and the old man accepted them with a laconic grunt. Before leaving, one of the women set a pan of corn and beans before them which the boys ate with a relish, although there was but one wooden spoon between them.

They started back across the ice in the face of the wind, fighting with bent heads every inch of the way. The air cut like a knife. Their faces were stiff; their hands and feet numb. It seemed as if they had gone miles and miles when Robert ventured to lift his head and glance shoreward. They had covered only half the distance but his eyes grew wide in amazement as they rested upon the city rising from the terraced slope opposite. It was a veritable fairyland! Sleet had covered every bush and tree and they sparkled like diamonds in the sunshine.

Spirals of wood smoke were rising from many chimneys and the last rays of the setting sun set all the window panes ablaze.

"Joseph!" he called. Catching up with him he seized his arm and pointed shoreward. Joseph, raising his eyes, caught his breath.

"Nauvoo the beautiful!" he murmured, "the city of father's dreams."

A cold blast swept down the valley, spinning them around. A sledge piled high with firewood drew near, the stolid oxen, with bowed heads, plodding shoreward. With glad shouts they caught up with it and hanging on behind were drawn to shore.

A week later, as the Barrys sat at dinner, the door opened suddenly and Robert's old friend entered, a fat, wild turkey dangling from his hand which he proffered to Robert. A place was quickly made for him at the table and with a pleased grunt, the old man seated himself and proceeded to devour ravenously, everything that was set before him.

* * * *

Spring came early. A balmy breeze blew over the land melting the snow and the open fields became dark and bare. The ice in the river began to creak and groan. There was a roaring and grinding and then a sound like heavy cannonading as great jagged masses of ice went crashing and roaring down the stream.

Crowds gathered on the shore to watch the awe-inspiring sight.

Soon the ice was gone and the river flowed on. Wild geese began to make their appearance, flying in a wedge, following the river and disappearing in the distant north. The "pussies" on the willows, burst their winter jackets and presented velvety gray cat-

kins. Robert and Elsie gathered armfuls and carried them home, filling every vase and jar available. Sprays of purple lilac bloomed on every hand, filling the air with their fragrance.

Prairie schooners began again to make their appearance and the crack of whips and the geeing and hawing of the drivers, echoed far and wide.

Building was resumed and new houses began to go up on every side, while the ring of hammers and singing of saws once more echoed throughout the valley.

The Indians put out in their canoes and came paddling across the wide expanse of water. Robert's old friend came again to the door of the Barrys, bringing a quarter of venison, but he was sad and depressed.

"Indians must go!" he declared solemnly. "White man promise land—we build wigwams—now must go —no place for Indian—we go setting sun," he pointed toward the west. "Leave dead—they weep—no find us. Long time my people here. Now go—no place for Indian."

The Barrys listened sadly, their hearts going out in sympathy to the poor, driven people.

As the old man turned to leave, Will impulsively took from a stand his *Book of Mormon* and placed it in the old man's hands.

"Here, have someone read it to you," he said. "You'll have land, houses, money and many things to make you happy. The promise is here, in this book. White man's promises fail, but God," he pointed upward, "The Great Spirit, will not fail you."

One bright, sunny day, the steamer *Maid of Iowa*

came churning up the river. Hammers and saws were dropped and all raced to the wharf to wave caps, shawls and branches of willow. They shouted through cupped hands. They clapped one another on the back, giddy with delight at the sight of the steamboat, not knowing whom it brought.

The Barrys were as excited as the rest and joined in the shouts and songs of welcome. To the joy of Robert and his father and mother, Elder Fielding was the first to step ashore with his parents, brothers and sisters, their faces radiant with joy at reaching "The City Beautiful."

"Two hundred and fifty of us left Liverpool in January," they announced, "and were detained in St. Louis until the ice had gone out of the river."

The Barrys gave them a royal welcome and insisted on taking them home to be refreshed before they sought out their living quarters.

In April, great excitement prevailed throughout the city. The new Masonic Building was to be dedicated and over five hundred members of the Masonic fraternity from various parts of the country had assembled for the ceremony. How fine they looked with their high gray beaver hats, broadcloth capes, ruffled shirts and polished riding boots.

A procession formed at the house of Henry Miller and was accompanied by the Nauvoo Brass Band. Robert, thrilled with excitement, joined the group of boys standing near and with them, followed the band to the Masonic Building, where crowds had gathered to watch the entrance of the dignitaries, for there was not room for all inside.

The dedicatory ceremonies were to be performed by the Worshipful Master Hyrum Smith, Elder Erastus Snow was to deliver the Masonic address and Dr. Golforth and the prophet were to address the assembly. Dinner was to be served to all visiting Masons at the expense of the Nauvoo Lodge.

A group of elderly men stood under the shade trees near the building, their faces showing deep concern, their voices rumbling in disapproval over the event that was taking place. Robert listened in wide-eyed astonishment.

"It's not right!" declared one of them vigorously. "Dedicating this building while the Temple yonder stands unfinished."

"You're right, Brother," spoke up another. "We've been warned that unless the Temple is finished within a specified time, it'll be rejected and yet time and money have been spent beautifying this building that might well have been put on the Temple yonder."

A young man who was passing, paused at the words and turned upon the old man scornfully. "This is the finest building, the most substantial and best finished in the western states. You should be proud of the fact?"

"Proud?" A white-haired old gentleman with a commanding personality faced the young man defiantly and raising his hand impressively cried: "Pride will yet be the downfall of this people! The Temple will be rejected and not one stone left upon another!"

A hush fell upon the group! It was like a prophecy. Robert felt stunned. He glanced nervously in the direction of the hill where the beautiful white stone

temple stood glistening in the noonday sun. The roof had been enclosed, the tower erected and the angel Moroni glistened from its lofty spire. Rejected? What was the man talking about?

"Why should we seek to have the finest Masonic building in the state?" the old gentleman questioned ironically.

"Because we have the most members," declared the young man. "Warsaw, Carthage and Quincy have only from eight to twenty-five, while we have around three hundred."

"And how do the other lodges feel about that?"

The young man shifted uneasily.

"They're jealous!" spoke up another quickly. "And they're working to bring about the termination of the lodge here for fear we'll control the Grand Lodge of the state."

"Naturally," replied the elderly gentleman, "so why should we persist in incurring their enmity?"

"Because it's an organization worth fighting for!" declared the young man defiantly. "Heber C. Kimball said that if all men were Masons and lived up to their profession, the world would be in a much better state than it is now."

"That may be," conceded the elderly gentleman, "but the introduction of a secret order within our ranks is a mistake. We know of none authorized by the church and they are entirely unnecessary, for there is nothing enjoined in any of them that is noble, kind and good that is not enjoined in the gospel covenant."

The young man was silent. The groups gradually dispersed and Robert hurried home to his dinner.

Chapter Eleven

MISSIONARIES from home and abroad returned for the General Conference held in the Temple on April 6. Robert, lingering about the building heard thunderous tones issuing from within. Curious to hear what it was all about, he slipped into a seat in the back part of the room. Hyrum Smith was addressing the congregation.

"A band of horse thieves and counterfeiters are hiding within the city!" he declared. "Our people will be made to suffer for the sins of these men. Every crime under the sun is being committed in this wild, frontier country and our people are beginning to be blamed for it.

"I demand in the presence of God, that you will exert your wit and your power to bring all such evil characters to justice. If you do not, the curse of God will rest upon you. Such things would ruin any people. Should I catch a Latter Day Saint stealing, he is the last man to whom I would show mercy!"

He then stated the position of the church regarding evildoers and read the law from the books of the church.

"He that keepeth the laws of God, hath no need to break the laws of the land!" he solemnly reiterated.

Consternation was depicted on the face of the listeners. They lingered in groups about the Temple after dismissal, talking in awed tones of the evils that were taking place.

"The gangs around Warsaw and Carthage are doing everything they can to turn their citizens against us," stated one. "They're turning cattle loose and committing all sorts of deviltry and then swearing up and down that the Mormons have done it. They'll not rest till they've driven us out of here."

Many incidents were recounted that had incurred the enmity of the people of Missouri before they had been driven out of there. An elderly lady began to sob. Her husband led her away.

"They were in the Haun's Mill massacre," said one of the men pityingly. "Their son was hacked to pieces with a corn knife and lies buried with sixteen others in an old well out there."

"It's not only the enemies without that are to be feared," spoke up another, "there are enemies within the ranks as well. They're plotting against the prophet right now, seeking his overthrow. There's no telling what mischief will be brewing before long!"

The old, white-haired gentleman, who at the dedication of the Masonic building, had declared that the Temple would be rejected, now stood before them.

"We've not been sufficiently humble," he declared impressively. "We've been bragging about our troops being the finest in the state; our city the largest; our Temple the most magnificent building in the middle west. The raising of a standard of peace is one of the chief duties devolving upon us and yet the

martial spirit prevails and flourishes in every quarter, giving us the appearance of hostility while as a religious body we are crying peace unto all people. Our prophet has warned us to be wise and to be humble but we have failed to heed his counsel."

The multitude bowed their heads and separating, thoughtfully made their way to their homes.

A few months later, a scene of wild confusion was taking place.

The Fosters, Higbees, Laws and others had been expelled from the church for plotting against the prophet. Immediately they had set up a printing press and published the first edition of a paper they had named *The Nauvoo Expositor,* which was filled with vile and slanderous stories. The city council had been called; they had declared the paper a nuisance; a posse had been sent to the office and they had thrown the press, type, paper and fixtures into the street.

White faced and trembling, Robert stood watching the destruction, while the dissenters struck out right and left.

"We'll get Joseph Smith and the city council or exterminate everybody!" they cried.

"This is disgraceful!" declared the old white-haired gentleman, appearing on the scene. "These men should have had a hearing before their property was destroyed. It's contrary to the feelings of the American people to interfere with the press. Public opinion is already inflamed; they are only waiting for an opportunity to strike."

The old man was right. The city was soon in an uproar over what had taken place!

Inflammatory speeches were made from pulpit and rostrum. The press, especially at Warsaw, opened its columns to the most slanderous reports that could be invented. Mobs began collecting on every side and Joseph and Hyrum Smith took refuge in Iowa.

The dissenters, swearing vengeance, left the city, taking their families with them.

There was fear and consternation in the home of the Barrys.

Rumors had reached them that Nauvoo would soon be destroyed and every man, woman and child, put to death. That twelve hundred of their enemies were encamped at Carthage, six hundred more at Warsaw and other bodies of men were preparing to come from points in Missouri. Four thousand of the citizens of Nauvoo had armed themselves, prepared to defend the city.

Martha paced the floor, wringing her hands.

"Why, O why, did we ever leave England!" she cried.

"Don't worry, Martha," comforted Nell. "The prophet has written to Governor Ford urging him to come to the city. He'll see that we're protected."

But Governor Ford did not come to the city. He went to Carthage instead and was seen walking arm in arm with the dissenters. Joseph and Hyrum then decided to go to Carthage and surrender themselves for trial in order to save the city from attack, trusting Governor Ford to protect them.

* * *

The quiet beauty of an early June morning brooded over the valley. The river danced and sparkled in

the sunshine. The early morning song of the robin, bluebird and meadowlark was like a beautiful chorus as Robert hurried down the river road to the field opposite the Mansion House. There a scene was taking place in bitter contrast to the quiet beauty of the surroundings. Twenty-five horsemen hurried to and fro with their final preparations for their journey to Carthage.

Eighteen of them were under arrest charged with riot in the destruction of *The Nauvoo Expositor* and were going voluntarily and without guard to surrender themselves for trial at Carthage, the county seat of Hancock County eighteen miles away.

Robert watched them wonderingly. Their way led through hostile territory where enemies lay in wait to take their lives and yet their faces were brave and resolute, inspiring all who had gathered to watch their departure.

The prophet strode among them giving brief commands, then detached himself from the group and walked to the river where he gazed long and earnestly at the Nauvoo House in process of construction, at the old Homestead and the Mansion House. His gaze then lifted lovingly to the Temple on the hill. With a sigh he turned and went directly to the sweet faced woman who stood with a group of frightened children in the doorway of the Mansion House and gathered her into his arms. His boys stood white faced and trembling while Julia sobbed aloud. When at last the prophet turned to them, young Joseph flung himself into his father's arms and wild sobs escaped him. The father's hands were placed on the

boy's head and his lips moved in prayer, then with a lingering handclasp he turned and strode swiftly to the waiting men, gave a command and all sprang to their saddles and moved forward.

Robert slipped away to a quiet spot by the river and threw himself down beneath a flowering locust. His heart was heavy with grief for young Joseph, for the safety of the prophet and the men that were with him.

He loved the prophet; he was so friendly, with always a pleasant word for everyone. Often he had stopped to watch them at their play and sometimes had joined them in their sports. He was their hero for he was a big man, six feet two inches tall. He would accept any man's challenge in a wrestling match and few could best him for he often indulged in wrestling for the sake of relaxation.

Mounted on his favorite horse, Joe Duncan, on parade days, he was a commanding figure in his brilliant uniform as he reviewed the troops.

"Oh," sighed Robert, "If anything happens to the prophet, what shall we do?"

At noon a messenger came riding into the city and a crowd gathered about him.

"The men are returning," he announced, "with a company of militia. They're coming to gather up the state arms."

"The state arms!"

Consternation seized the hearts of the listeners.

"Why must we give up the state arms?" they demanded. "It's orders!" the man answered crisply. "Captain Dunn is being sent here with sixty armed

men. He stopped the prophet within four miles of Carthage and got him to sign the order. Captain Dunn's heart then seemed to fail him, for he begged the prophet to return with him and oversee the gathering up of the arms. They're on their way now."

Weary and covered with dust, the prophet and his little band of horsemen, returned, accompanied by the militia.

There were questions and protests, those who were numbered among the people that had been driven out of Missouri fearing another massacre.

The prophet tried to reassure them, but he was solemn and depressed and twice during the afternoon rode down to the Mansion House to see his family and to bid them a lingering farewell.

"He seems to feel that it's the last time he'll see them," declared one of the men who had accompanied him to Carthage. "Those of us not under arrest, were going to return, after seeing him safely there, and after signing the order for the state arms, we said good-by to him, intending to return with Dunn's men. He turned to us then and said: 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward all men. If they take my life, I shall die an innocent man and it shall be said of me He was murdered in cold blood.'

"Captain Dunn, however, insisted that Joseph return with him, although the prophet assured him there would be no trouble, that our people always respected any demand made in legal form."

All afternoon, the work of gathering up the state

arms went forward and they were stacked in front of the Masonic Hall.

At six o'clock that evening, the prophet and his litttle band started again for Carthage, Captain Dunn and his troops following soon after.

Early the next morning, a messenger reported that they had reached Carthage safely around midnight, having been in the saddle most of the time since early morning. That the Carthage Greys were in camp on the town square and that as they entered, ribald shouts and jeers had greeted them. Captain Dunn's men were commanded to stand aside, that they might "shoot the Mormon prophet." They had proceeded to Hamilton's Hotel amid violent threats and profanity, where they had been given quarters for the night, the Governor, the apostates from Nauvoo and other desperate men who had sworn to take the life of the prophet, being housed under the same roof.

Later, another messenger reported that Joseph and Hyrum had been arrested on a charge of treason against the State of Illinois and without examination, had been committed to jail.

The days wore slowly on. Rumor brought threats that the charge of treason could never be sustained and that the mob had vowed that the two men should never be allowed to escape.

Chapter Twelve

At noon of the third day, Governor Ford arrived in Nauvoo with a troop of the Carthage Greys and a personal escort. Rumors had reached him that outrages were being committed in the city and the people of Warsaw and Carthage had urged him to strike terror into the Mormon people by an exhibition of the force of the state.

The twelve hundred assembled at Carthage and the six hundred at Warsaw, had been eagerly awaiting orders to march into the city. The governor had agreed to their importunings and three days' preparations had been made for the expedition.

Observing, however, that the men were becoming more excited and inflammatory as the preparations advanced, and threats of destroying the city and murdering the inhabitants, came to his ears, the governor awoke to the fact that a plan had been formed by the dissenters, who had been stirring up the strife, to get the troops into Nauvoo. Then, under cover of the night, they were to fire upon his troops and lay it to the Mormons. Upon learning their plans, he ordered the troops disbanded, and leaving eight members of the Carthage Greys to guard the jail, came himself to Nauvoo to acquaint the people of the hatred

that prevailed against them and to warn them that if any open or secret violence was committed on the persons or property of those who had taken part against them, that it would mean destruction of their city and the extermination of their people.

Governor Ford accepted the hospitality of Emma Smith and ate dinner with her at noon in the Mansion House, assuring her that all would be well with the prisoners.

After dinner, the governor mounted the floor of a building that was being erected opposite, and addressed between five and six thousand people who had been hurriedly called together.

He told them of the many scandalous reports in circulation against them, and that these reports, whether true or false, were believed by the people. He warned them what would happen if vengeance was sought against those who had taken part against their leaders, and promised that their leaders should be protected and given a fair trial. He then took a vote as to whether they would strictly observe the laws, even in opposition to their prophet and leaders and was delighted to find that the vote was unanimous to sustain the law under all circumstances.

Gratified at the respect accorded him, and at the orderliness that prevailed throughout the city, the governor and his men took their departure just as the sun was setting.

Not long after his departure, a messenger, covered with dust, galloped wildly past the home of the Barrys and drew rein at the Mansion House. John, Will and

Robert, seized with a premonition of evil, ran with others to hear what the man had to say.

"Joseph and Hyrum have been assassinated! A mob of a hundred and fifty or more, with blackened faces, stormed the jail at six o'clock and shot them to death. John Taylor is badly wounded but Willard Richards is unharmed!"

With these words flung over his shoulder, the young man entered the house and closed the door after him.

There was a solemn hush. The crowd was stunned into silence! Presently a man asked quietly, "Who was that young man?"

"He's Lorenzo Wassen, a nephew of Emma Smith," someone replied.

"Then the report is true!" declared the man sadly.

The men bowed their heads. Now that the expected had really happened, their sorrow was too deep for words. They parted, each seeking the solitude of their own home.

A black pall settled down over the city. With strained faces, people gathered about the Temple, but no word was spoken. Messengers began to arrive. A letter to Emma Smith and Major-General Dunham from Willard Richards was read aloud, in which he warned them to be still, not to rush out of the city, but to be prepared for an attack from Missouri mobbers. He assured them that the governor would render every assistance and had sent out orders for troops. That the people of Carthage feared that the Mormons would go out and take vengeance, but that he had pledged his word that his people would stay home and no violence be committed.

One of the first to arrive from Carthage was Samuel H. Smith, worn and weary and half sick. He told how he had been riding into Carthage on horseback, alone, and had met the mob as they were fleeing. On learning that he was a brother of the prophet, they had opened fire and pursued him at top speed for two hours, but he had managed to elude them. He complained of a pain in his side and seemed almost too ill to walk, but bravely joined the thousands that lined the streets at the muffled roll of a drum, and sorrowfully watched the procession that accompanied the wagon, covered with green boughs, beneath which lay the bodies of his two brothers.

A shudder ran through the crowd as the wagon approached and heart-rending sobs and lamentations swept the crowd, as they followed to the Mansion House.

The floor of the building opposite, which had been used the day before by the governor, when he had assured them that their leaders would be protected, was used as a platform again, and Willard Richards, who, with John Taylor, had never left the side of their beloved leaders, but had sought to sustain and comfort them by their presence, now addressed the multitude.

"You are anxious, I know, to hear the details of this sad happening. Joseph and Hyrum were arrested, as you know, for treason, and committed to prison until discharged by due course of law.

"It soon began to be rumored that there was nothing against these men, that the law could not reach them, but powder and ball would. The governor was

made acquainted with these facts, but on the morning of the twenty-seventh, disbanded the McDonough troops and sent them home, took Captain Dunn's company of cavalry and came here to Nauvoo, leaving Joseph and Hyrum guarded by eight men at the jail and a company in town of sixty men as a corps in reserve.

"John Taylor and I had permits from the governor to lodge with the prisoners in jail, and knowing the threats that the two Smiths should never leave Carthage alive, we were greatly alarmed for their personal safety.

"We had passed the day as best we could, reading, writing and singing. The jailor and his wife had been very kind, making us as comfortable as possible. They had given us a pleasant room on the second floor, but Joseph and Hyrum were restless and the prophet expressed himself as having a presentiment of uneasiness as to his safety such as he had never experienced before when in the hands of his enemies. He longed to see his family again and cried out: 'Oh, that I could preach to the Saints in Nauvoo once more.'

"About five o'clock in the afternoon, the sound of tramping feet came to our ears. Rushing to the window, we beheld the mob, their faces blackened with powder. There was a scuffle with the guards, the report of guns, a rush of feet on the stairs, shouts and filthy oaths.

"We all rushed to the door and put our shoulders against it, the lock being useless. The mob started shooting through the door. A ball struck Hyrum on

the side of his nose and he sank to the floor, exclaiming, 'I'm a dead man!'

"The mob then pushed the door open. John Taylor and I had heavy walking sticks in our hands and parried the guns as they were thrust through the door. Streams of fire and deadly balls belched forth from the fire-arms, mingled with shouts and oaths. Every moment the crowd became more dense, pressed on by those in the rear, and seeing no hope of escape, John Taylor made a spring for the window, which was open. He was on the point of leaping out, when a ball from the door struck him in the thigh and he fell to the floor and rolled under the bed close by.

"Then Joseph leaped for the window, when two balls pierced him from the door and he fell outward, exclaiming, 'O Lord, My God!' and fell on his left side, a dead man.

"A cry was raised—'He's leaped the window!' and the mob on the stairs and in the entry, ran out.

"I reached my head out the window, and watched some seconds to see if there were any signs of life, regardless of my own, determined to see the end of him I loved. Being fully satisfied that he was dead, and expecting a return of the mob to the room, I rushed toward the dungeon or inner prison at the head of the stairs. John Taylor called out, 'Take me!' I caught him under my arm, rushed into the dungeon and covered him with a bed, in such a manner as not likely to be perceived and stood before the door waiting to be shot, but suddenly, panic-stricken, the mob fled away.

"Thus two, among the most noble martyrs, have

sealed the truth of their divine mission by being shot by a mob for their religion."

Richards paused, overcome with emotion.

The Barrys, listening intently, were deeply stirred. Martha turned to Nell.

"So this is your land of religious freedom!" she sniffed scornfully.

Before Nell could reply, Willard Richards recovered himself and continued: "A panic seized the town and inside of two hours, Carthage was deserted. Hamilton House alone was occupied and there the killed and wounded were taken and a few good Samaritans cared for them.

"Governor Ford, returning from his visit to Nauvoo, halted the two messengers we sent with the tragic news. He was very much frightened and commanding them to accompany him, he hurried on to Carthage. There he denounced the people for their folly and leaving them to their fate, rode on toward Quincy.

"The inhabitants of Warsaw are panic stricken and have sent their women and children across the river to Alexander, fearing that the Nauvoo Legion will try to avenge the martyrs' death, but men and brethren, we seek not revenge and must do all in our power to allay the excitement that now exists. Instead of an appeal to arms, we must appeal to the majesty of the law and be content with whatever judgment it shall award; and should the law fail, we must leave the matter with God. Be peaceable, quiet citizens, doing the work of righteousness and rejoice that you are found worthy to live and die for God."

Robert, standing with the multitude, was pressed

close to the Mansion House. From within issued the sounds of sobbing and moaning. The window of the big dining room was open and he could see the bodies of the two men lying within, the family clustered about them. He saw young Joseph on his knees by his father's side and heard him crying: "O, my father, my father!"

His weeping mother was sobbing: "Joseph, Joseph, my husband, my husband! Have they taken you from me at last?"

Lucy Smith, the mother of Joseph and Hyrum, was calling upon God for strength to endure the sight of her two sons stretched out before her. "My God, my God," she cried, "Why hast thou forsaken this family?"

Robert could endure no more. He wormed his way through the crowd, raced home and throwing himself on the couch in the living room sobbed as if his heart would break. Presently he heard the kitchen door open and hushed voices speaking. One he recognized as Aunt Nell's.

"You'll have to be brave for their sake, Savilla," she was saying.

Savilla—the girl that helped with the work at the Mansion House. She and Aunt Nell were great friends.

"I had to get away! I couldn't stand it," sobbed Savilla. "Poor Emma, whatever will become of her! She's expecting, you know."

"No, I didn't know. The poor soul!" Nell was shocked. "When is it to be?"

"Next November."

Robert sneezed unexpectedly. There was an ominous silence; then Nell with flushed face appeared in the doorway of the living room.

"Robert, what are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I have a headache," he replied truthfully. Without a word, Nell returned to the kitchen. There was a whispered consultation, then Robert heard the door open and their footsteps taking the path down to the river.

Robert's headache increased as night came on for everything seemed to be in commotion—horsemen racing up and down, lights flickering here and there, men and women passing, winds moaning and all night long the slow beat—beat of the big bass drum.

At eight o'clock the next morning the doors of the Mansion House were thrown open and Robert passed in the long grief stricken line that viewed the bodies. All day long a steady stream of weeping humanity flowed in at the west door and out at the north door.

In the midst of terror and alarm the simple rites were attended to and the bodies carried to their last resting place—a temporary tomb built in the hillside near the Temple—or were supposed to be placed there, but on account of the large sum that had been offered for the head of Joseph Smith, the caskets were filled with sand and the bodies hidden in a secret place.

On the thirtieth of July, Samuel Smith, who had been confined to his bed since the death of his brothers, died, leaving his four little children orphans, their mother having died from exposure when they were driven out of Missouri.

Great excitement prevailed throughout the church

as to who should be the successor of Joseph Smith. A special conference was called in September during which it was agreed that the Twelve Apostles should be supported in their calling. Sidney Rigdon, however, being the only surviving member of the Presidency, maintained that he was the legal guardian of the church and entitled to preside. But despite his passionate oratory, he failed to convince the people and was not sustained when the vote was taken. Continuing to assert his claims, he gained a considerable following and took them to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. There he perfected a church organization in which he occupied as president. He published a paper called the *Messenger and Advocate* admonishing his followers never to break the laws of the land whether at the suggestion of apostle, prophet or even angel.

James J. Strang, a shrewd, intelligent, capable man, then arrived in Nauvoo, having been away on a mission to Voree, Wisconsin. He claimed that an angel of God had appeared to him at the hour of the prophets' death and ordained him to lead the people. He was comparatively unknown during the life of the prophet, having joined the church the February previous, but he produced a letter purporting to be from Joseph Smith in which he was told that he should plant a stake of Zion in Wisconsin. It should be called Voree, meaning "garden of peace," where the people should find rest and peace. The city of Voree should be a stronghold of safety and there the faithful should prosper and be blessed and none should hurt or molest them.

The genuineness of this letter was disputed, but the

man was a skillful leader and soon obtained a following. Returning to Wisconsin he organized a church with himself as president.

As president of the Twelve Apostles, Brigham Young ignored the claims of Strang and Rigdon and assumed control in Nauvoo. An epistle was sent to the Latter Day Saints in all the world admonishing those that had capital to hasten to build up the city and to finish the Temple according to the pattern commenced.

At the General Conference held in October, Brigham Young ventured to claim for himself the position of revelator, thus elevating himself above the other members of the Twelve and contentions between the aspirants for leadership became bitter.

However, emigration continued to pour into the city, great numbers of brick houses were erected and various branches of manufacture started notwithstanding that many thought Mormonism would die with its great leader and that the Latter Day Saints would be scattered to the four winds.

Chapter Thirteen

ROBERT was growing tall but remained the same shy sensitive lad he had always been. The events he had witnessed had been indelibly stamped upon his mind, crushing his spirits by the weight of sorrow and heartache about him, but time soon healed the wound and his spirits became more buoyant. As he walked the streets of Nauvoo he became conscious of a cocksure air dominating the city. It was fully expected that it would become a huge metropolis. Many projects had been planned. A canal had been started and there was talk of petitioning Congress for a grant to make a dam across the river so that power might be supplied for their mills. Meetings had been called for the purpose of organizing co-operative stores and industries so as to give employment to their mechanics and bring the comforts and necessities within the reach of all.

Like young Joseph, Robert took a special pride in the Temple which was being hurried to completion. He had made friends with Alpheus Cutler and Reynolds Cahoon, the Temple committee, who, knowing that he could be trusted, allowed him to go freely about the building. He watched the men at work carving and polishing the thirty hewn pilasters with

their crescent new moon at the base and sun and star at the top, typical of the three glories. He visited the quarries where at times a hundred men would be busily engaged quarrying rock while a multitude of others hauled it away.

He watched with interest the great rafts piled high with lumber, that were floated down the Mississippi from the Wisconsin pineries, where companies had gone from Nauvoo, purchased mills and prepared lumber for the Temple and the Nauvoo House. He stood on the bank with the crowds that gathered to cheer and welcome the returned woodmen when they came ashore, laden with gifts of Indian blankets, buckskin coats and furs for their loved ones, their clothes redolent with the fragrance of the pine forests. They had great tales to tell of their adventures with wildcats, bears and Indians and Robert was thrilled as he listened, looking forward to the time when he would be old enough to join them.

One day, in mid-November, he wandered along the shore seeking pretty carnelians among the sand and pebbles, to add to his growing collection. The handkerchief in which he deposited them, carrying it by the four corners, was growing heavy as he neared the Nauvoo House, when suddenly he came upon young Joseph, seated in one of the doorways of the big, unfinished building. He was gazing forlornly out across the wide expanse of water.

Robert paused, embarrassed and awed by the curtain of strangeness that had fallen between them since the tragedy.

He was about to steal away as quietly as he had come, when Joseph turned quickly.

"Hello, Robert, hunting carnelians?" he asked quietly.

Robert took a deep breath.

"Y-e-s" he stammered, "Want to see them?"

He stepped forward, seated himself on the step beside Joseph, opened his handkerchief and displayed his treasures.

"They're pretty," Joseph said in a tired voice. "I have a box full up at the house. I'll show them to you some day. I'd take you to see them now, but mother's sick and we might disturb her. You see, we have a new baby at our house."

Robert's eyes grew wide in amazement.

"A new baby!" he cried.

"Yes, I have a new baby brother."

"A baby brother!" echoed Robert.

"Yes, I have three brothers now," Joseph stated calmly.

"Three—" gasped Robert, "and I have none!"

"But you have a father. Think of David—we've named the baby David," he explained, "think of him never even seeing father!"

Robert pondered the thought for a moment, but a brother under any circumstances was something to rejoice over.

"I'll have to give up school now and help mother," Joseph continued sadly. "Father wanted me to be a great scholar, but there are five of us children now, and it's going to be hard on mother. The Twelve allow us a hundred and twenty-four dollars a year to

live on—that isn't enough. They let us keep two horses, Charlie and Joe Duncan, two cows, the spinning wheels and household goods, but they're acting mighty queer about some things. Mother doesn't like it and told them so. She doesn't like Brigham Young either. He tries to make everyone do as he says, but he can't boss mother; she won't stand for it. Father was so good to mother. He thought she was the most wonderful woman in the world and now—" his voice choked.

Robert was silent. He had come near losing his own father. He knew what it meant, and his heart went out in sympathy.

"Mother isn't the only one that dislikes Brigham Young. Uncle William doesn't like him either. Uncle William wants to be my guardian, because he says I am to be father's successor and take charge of the church some day."

Robert turned to him in suppressed excitement.

"Would you like to do that?" he asked eagerly.

Joseph turned his keen eyes full upon Robert. They were like dark pools of flaming fire. Robert shrank back, feeling that he had said something wrong.

"Would you like to be put in jail?" he asked scornfully, "and have people that you thought were your friends, telling lies about you?"

"No—I guess—I wouldn't," Robert stammered, meekly.

"Father and Uncle Hyrum couldn't even be buried like other folks, but had to be hidden away," he declared bitterly.

"Do you know where they are?" asked Robert, breathlessly.

Joseph glanced swiftly at the spring house near by. "Yes, I know where they are. I watched them taken from their hiding place and saw father's face. They have hidden them again, somewhere else, but I mustn't tell where."

The lads sat silent for awhile, each deep in thought. Then Joseph spoke again, half musingly.

"Lyman Wight is telling everyone that I am to be father's successor. He says he remembers when he and father were in Liberty Jail in Missouri and I went to visit them, how father laid his hands on my head and said, 'You are my successor when I depart.' He said the same thing several times after that; once in his office here in Nauvoo and the last time was just before he went to Carthage."

"Then if your father was a prophet, and he said you were to be his successor, I don't see how you can help yourself."

Joseph gazed at Robert in alarm, then suddenly sprang to his feet and with white, set face, strode up the path toward the Mansion House.

Robert watched him sorrowfully, then, picking up his treasures, turned his face toward home.

It was some time before Robert saw Joseph again, and then it was one evening at sunset, he happened to be passing the door of the Mansion House stable, when he beheld Joseph, crying bitterly, as he removed the gay trappings of the prophet's riding horse, Joe Duncan.

There had been a parade that day, and Robert had

seen Brigham Young mounted upon the spirited animal, with its full military trappings, and had heard the comments. "How much he resembles the prophet!" and had wondered about it. He stared at the horse in astonishment, for it was hard to reconcile the spirited pacer with this animal, standing with drooping head and legs sprawled apart, his hair from ears to fetlock, matted with sweat. Robert stood silent as Joseph sponged his coat with warm water, talking soothingly, while the tears streamed down his cheeks.

Presently Robert slipped to his side.

"What happened to him?" he asked in an awed voice.

"It's all Brigham Young's fault," sobbed Joseph. "He sent a note to mother asking for the horse to use in the parade. He could have used his own, but he wanted father's and all father's military equipment. I'd only just nursed him back to health after two men drove him clear to Fort Madison, and I told mother he ought not to be used, but she said Brigham Young only wanted him for the parade, and would return him in a couple of hours, and she made me caparison him with father's military saddle and housings. They took him at ten o'clock, he was to be back by twelve, and at four o'clock this afternoon I saw George Cannon galloping him down the river road. I ran and told mother and she sent word to Brigham Young. He said he couldn't understand it, for he had given orders for the horse to be returned at once. He sent a man after Cannon an hour ago and they just brought him in. He's had neither food nor drink on a hot day like this. You can see how he's used up. He's

probably ruined. I'll never put a saddle or bridle on him for Brigham Young again!"

"Perhaps Brigham Young wasn't to blame," suggested Robert.

"Perhaps not. He sent mother an apology for not returning the horse when promised. His clerk's an Englishman, and doesn't know much about horses. I suppose he thought it was a good chance for him to take a ride. But apologies won't mend the horse, or the way I feel about it."

Chapter Fourteen

OPPOSITION was silent for awhile after the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, then the anti-Mormon papers commenced to agitate the public mind once more. A great gathering was announced to be held at Warsaw. Printed invitations were sent to all the militia captains in Hancock and the neighboring counties of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri. It was given out that it was to be a great wolf hunt, but it was secretly whispered that the wolves were to be the Mormons.

Preparations were made for the assembling of several thousand men with provisions for six days, while the anti-Mormon newspapers, to aid the movements, printed the most awful accounts of thefts, robberies and outrages committed by the Mormons.

Governor Ford, upon hearing of it, sent troops under command of General Hardin, the governor accompanying them, whereupon the mobs fled. The agitation continued, however, the citizens of Nauvoo being accused of harboring a band of counterfeiters and of committing other serious crimes.

The city council and the citizens of Nauvoo in mass meeting assembled, denied the allegations and declared their allegiance to law and order. They de-

fied the world to substantiate a single instance where they had concealed criminals, or screened them from justice, challenging them to search out all stolen property or apparatus for making bogus money, and see if they could trace it to the city.

The deputy sheriff of Hancock County accepted the challenge, and taking a person from the country, with a writ, searched every house suspected, till that person was satisfied, and he was satisfied himself that no such property was in the city. He then declared to the public, that if people would satisfy themselves as he had done, they would find a "depot" in the regions of Iowa, containing the greater part of the property charged to the Mormons, but he was convinced that the thieves were not Mormons, nor had the Mormons any fellowship with them.

The mayor of the city was authorized to enlarge the police force to the number of five hundred, and as a result of their vigilance, it was discovered that their avowed enemies were setting fire to their own buildings in an effort to fan the flame of mobocracy, which fires were promptly prevented by the vigilance of the police.

Throughout the winter and summer of 1845, the feeling was very intense, and many efforts and demonstrations were made with a view of banishing the Mormons from the state.

A petition was sent to President James K. Polk, by the Twelve, importuning him as a father, a friend and a patriot, to lend his immediate aid to quell the violence of mobocracy and exert his influence to establish them as a people in their civil and religious rights,

where they now were, or in some part of the United States or in some place remote therefrom, where they might colonize in peace and safety as circumstances would permit.

In September, the anti-Mormons, who had sworn to expel the Mormons from the state, began burning houses in the vicinity of Green Plains. One hundred and twenty-five houses were burned within a short time. Sheriff Backenstos undertook to suppress these disturbances, and issued a proclamation to the rioters to desist, but they paid no heed. Sheriff Backenstos stated that the Mormon community had acted with more than ordinary forbearance, remaining perfectly quiet, and offering no resistance when their dwellings, other buildings, stacks of grain, etc., were set on fire in their presence. He declared that they had forborne until forbearance was no longer a virtue, whereupon Governor Ford sent General Hardin with a force of militia to quiet the disturbances.

In October a convention was held in Carthage, composed of delegates from nine counties, at which time they appointed four commissioners to visit the Mormons and demand their removal from the state. The commissioners appointed were General Hardin, commander of the state militia, Senator Stephen A. Douglas, W. B. Warren and J. A. McDougal. The commission held a conference with the church authorities in Nauvoo, who declared that they had already commenced making arrangements to remove in the spring to some distant point, where they would neither infringe nor be infringed upon, as soon as time and means would permit. That hundreds of farms were

for sale and two thousand houses in the city and county, and that they were desirous of finding purchasers for their property.

In January, the members of the high council, published a declaration of their intentions in which they stated that they were sending out to the western country in the early part of March, a company of pioneers, consisting mostly of hardy men; with some families. They were to take with them farming utensils and seeds of all kinds to put in a spring crop, build houses and prepare for the reception of families who would start as soon as grass was sufficiently grown to sustain teams and stocks.

They were instructed to find a good place in some valley in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, where they would infringe on no one. Here they were to make a resting place until a place for a permanent location was determined upon. They declared that their grievances had not alienated them from their country, that their patriotism had not been overcome by the things they had been called upon to endure, and should hostilities arise between the government of the United States and other powers in relation to the right of possessing the Territory of Oregon, they would be on hand to sustain the claim of the United States to that country, and their services would be cheerfully rendered.

They stated that their property would be left in the hands of competent agents, for sale at a low rate, for teams, for goods or for cash, the funds arising from the sale to be applied to the removal of families from time to time as fast as possible, and it was

hoped that those families left behind, until an outfit was obtained, would not be mobbed, burnt or driven away by force, as they had agreed to leave the country for the sake of peace, upon the condition that no more vexatious prosecutions would be instituted against them.

The anti-Mormons, however, who were desirous of plunder, and their hatred of the Mormons merely a pretext, robbery being the chief motive actuating them, began clamoring for the Mormons to be off, knowing that houses and lots, farms and merchandise could not be turned into money or even wagons and livestock in a moment.

All winter long, the insistent ring of the hammer, the clang of the anvil and the roar of the forge was heard throughout the city, from early morn until late at night, for every blacksmith shop, house, barn and even the Temple had been converted into a workshop. Men were shaping wheels, welding tires, fashioning tongues and wagon beds, bending bows and cutting and shaping covers, until ten thousand wagons were completed and stood ready for occupancy.

The whole atmosphere of the place had changed. The men looked worn and anxious, the women pale and distraught and even the children spoke in hushed voices, fearing they knew not what.

The houses they had builded, the gardens they had planted, were all to be left behind. Their beautiful city that had blossomed like a rose in the wilderness, was to fall into the hands of strangers; the Temple desecrated by their enemies.

In the home of the Barrys there were sobs and tears,

for Nell and Will had made their decision and were to follow Brigham Young across the plains.

"If you were going to Texas to join Lyman Wight and his followers, I wouldn't feel half so bad," declared Martha, wiping her eyes.

"Lyman Wight—there's a man for you!" affirmed John. "A born leader, if there ever was one! The group of a hundred and fifty men, women and children he piloted down the Mississippi River from the Wisconsin pineries in homemade boats, has built a city already near the Colorado River. They've named it Zodiac. They're having all things common and they declare they are going to stay there until young Joseph takes his father's place. Lyman Wight claims that Zion shall never be moved out of her place, and that the time is not far distant when they and their children shall return, singing songs of everlasting joy."

Martha brightened visibly.

"There, Nell, listen to that," she cried, excitedly. "Why not go to Texas? Then we could go too, and when this blows over we could all come back here again."

Will looked hopefully at Nell, but there was an obstinate tilt to her chin.

"Nell and I talked of it," he stated quietly, "but since then, Nell has had a long talk with Brigham Young, and now her mind is made up."

"I detest that man!" Martha cried, vehemently.

"Everybody has their likes and dislikes," Will declared, philosophically. "I admire the man, myself. He'll make a wonderful leader, and I firmly believe that he'll establish some place where our enemies can-

not reach us again, and with a man like Brigham Young for a leader, we are bound to prosper."

"I hope you're right, Will," replied John. But Martha was loath to give in.

"Emma Smith isn't going," she reminded them. "She's flatly refused to follow Brigham Young and advises others against it."

"I can't understand what's come over Emma," Nell replied, wonderingly. "She keeps to herself and has nothing to do with the leaders, although they've tried their best to persuade her to go with us."

"She's a woman with a mind of her own, evidently," commented Martha. "But see here, Nell, I'm not going to know a moment's peace thinking of you out on those plains among hostile Indians and those wild cattle men."

Nell laughed.

"Why Martha, there'll be so many of us, no one'll dare bother us. Think what fun it'll be, camping out in the open like that, searching for a new location where we can build another city like Nauvoo."

Martha, noting the glint of excitement in Nell's eyes, sighed heavily. The spirit of adventure was again dominating her sister. It was useless to argue further.

Robert Barry, returning one day from "the hill" where the Temple stood, to "the flat" below, overtook young Joseph, who was carrying a long object enclosed in a case.

"What's that you've got?" Robert asked curiously.

"It's a bowie knife!" Joseph replied, excitedly. "Want to see it?"

He drew from the scabbard a menacing weapon with a flashing blade. It was nine inches long and two inches broad and as sharp as a razor.

Robert stepped back in dismay.

"Ugh!" he shuddered. "Where did you get that?"

"Cousin George A. Smith gave it to me. He sent word that he had a present for me and this is what he gave me."

"But it's dangerous!"

"It's no more dangerous than the present Brigham Young gave me."

"What! Brigham Young gave you a present?" Robert asked excitedly.

"Yes, he sent word that he had a present for me too, something to remember him by, so I went to his house and he gave me a pistol. Come along home with me and I'll show it to you."

Robert followed Joseph to the Mansion House. His mother met them at the door.

"What did Cousin George give you?" she asked, eagerly.

Her eagerness quickly changed to dismay when Joseph displayed the strange and dangerous gift.

"My, O my! Why did he give you that? Why couldn't he have given you something useful?" she mourned.

"It's useful, Mother," Joseph responded brightly. "You can use it to cut bread!"

"Oh, no, Joseph, it's much too big and clumsy for that."

"Then maybe I could use it to cut kindling."

"No, that wouldn't do either, you might cut yourself."

"Then, I know what I'll do. I'll take it to John Huntington and see if he'll trade for something we can use. But first I want to show Robert the pistol Brigham Young gave me."

"Well, do be careful, Joseph. I wish he had never given it to you. I'm so afraid you'll hurt someone with it."

Robert stared curiously at the small pistol with its short, stubby handle. The barrel was not very long and the hammer and trigger on the under side were unguarded. It carried but a single shot.

"It's a dueling pistol," declared Joseph. "Did you ever see one?"

Robert never had. He shrank inwardly at the sight of any weapon of war and was relieved when Joseph put it away and suggested they take the bowie knife to John Huntington and see what he would give them for it.

John Huntington was an ingenious fellow who had fitted up a little workshop with a power wheel turned by the water of a stream running through his father's premises. He gladly gave Joseph a large, cherry rolling pin he had turned, in exchange for the knife and Joseph hurried home with it.

His mother was delighted.

"Now, that is something useful! Why couldn't Brigham Young and Cousin George have given you something like that, instead of things with which you might injure yourself or your companions?"

Later, Joseph invited Robert to accompany him to

the home of Bishop Newell K. Whitney, who had sent word that he, too, had a present for Joseph. To his delight, Bishop Whitney presented him with his writing desk.

"I decided to give it to you, Joseph, rather than sell it for what little it would bring," he said, "or to have the risk and bother of taking it with me on my journey westward. Elder Young and Cousin George have given you weapons of war, but remember, my boy, that 'the pen is mightier than the sword.' "

Joseph had the desk removed to his room in the Mansion House and some of the treasured books left by his father were placed in it for safekeeping.

Chapter Fifteen

ROBERT and Joseph stood on the bank of the river, shivering in the raw, February wind. The air was filled with flakes of snow, great wet flakes, coming thicker and faster, as sixteen hundred men, women and children, prairie schooners, horses and cattle pressed forward, out onto the ice and across the dark river to the Iowa shore. Cattle bellowed, dogs barked, men shouted and women sobbed.

The boys stood silently, their hearts torn with anguish, as they watched the departure. Many of their friends and schoolmates, numbered among the throng, they were never to see again. Elsie was among them, perched between her father and mother, on the high seat of the wagon he had built for them. Charley Pitman rode with his parents in the wagon next to theirs.

"Good-by Robert! Good-by Joseph!" boys and girls shouted, waving hats and handkerchiefs. "Wish you were going with us!"

The boys acknowledged the farewells feebly. They were dazed and bewildered by all that was taking place about them and hardly knew whether they wanted to go with these that were leaving, or to be left behind.

All had agreed to go in the spring. This, the first company, was leaving early in February, in the vain hope of appeasing the wrath of their enemies, sacrificing in almost every instance, material interests, into the hands of their covetous neighbors.

John and Martha had tried to prevail on Will and Nell to wait until spring, but they were anxious to be off.

"Some terrible doom hangs over the city!" Nell had declared. "I feel it in my bones. Perhaps when we've gone, our enemies will be satisfied and things will be different. I hope so, for your sakes. I hate to leave you like this. Oh, if you'd only come with us."

"No, Nell, we're staying right here," replied Martha firmly. "And mark my words, you'll be only too glad to come back to us again."

By the middle of May, it was estimated that sixteen thousand had crossed the Mississippi and taken up their line of march with their wives and little ones, westward, across the continent, leaving behind in Nauvoo, a small remnant of less than a thousand, many of whom were sick and unable to leave, while others had no means with which to do so.

The leaders had requested that this remnant remain undisturbed, until sufficient means had been obtained to remove them, but this their enemies refused to permit and preparations were made to drive them out by force of arms.

A deputation from Quincy, visited the camp of the assailants and tried to dissuade them from their purpose, but to no avail. There were in Nauvoo only a

hundred and fifty Mormons capable of bearing arms, the remainder of the population consisting of destitute women and children and those who were sick.

There were about one hundred and fifty of the new citizens ready to defend their newly acquired property, but many of the new citizens had departed, fearing a general massacre. The little band under command of Colonel Daniel H. Wells and William Cutler, prepared to defend the city.

Early in September, an armed body of a thousand men, with artillery and military equipment, made preparations for a campaign against Nauvoo and encamped at Hunter's farm.

Nell's fears and premonitions were now recalled by Martha.

"It would have been better," John reminded her, "to have gone with Brigham Young, than to stay here and be massacred."

Her thoughts turned to the brave woman in the Mansion House and her family of little ones.

"What's Emma Smith going to do?" she asked.

"She's rented the hotel to one of the newcomers, a man named Van Tuyl, and is taking her family up the river to a place called Fulton City."

"Then we're going to Fulton City!" declared Martha.

Hurried preparations were made and the steamer, *Uncle Toby,* plying the upper Mississippi, was boarded, and the trip of one hundred and fifty miles was made with quite a company of others who were fleeing the city.

John was fortunate in finding work at the carpen-

ter trade, soon after landing, so they rented a small cottage and Robert was sent to school.

Meanwhile, in Nauvoo, the little band under command of Wells and Cutler, took up its position on the edge of the wood, east of the city, less than a mile from the enemy's camp. The enemy began hostilities with a bombardment from a battery of six-pounders, without effect. At sunrise the next morning, they changed their position, intending to take the city by storm, but were held in check by Captain Anderson and his son, a lad of sixteen, with a company of thirty-five men known as the "Spartan Band." The enemy had recourse to grape shot, forcing the Spartan Band to retire out of range, but darkness put an end to the skirmish and breastworks were thrown up during the night by the defenders.

The next morning, the demand for unconditional surrender, was promptly rejected, so the assailants opened fire from all their batteries and soon afterward advanced upon the city. When within rifle range of the breastworks, they wheeled suddenly to the south, thinking to outflank the defenders and gain possession of Temple Square.

Anderson had anticipated this move, and had posted his Spartan Band in the woods to the north. Leading his men at double quick, Anderson confronted the enemy and opened fire with revolving rifles. A furious exchange of shots ensued for an hour and a half, when the attacking forces withdrew to their camp.

The loss to the Spartan Band was three killed and a few wounded. Among those who fell were brave Captain Anderson and his son, the former dying as

he had vowed he would die, in defense of the Temple.

The next day being Sunday, the battle was not renewed, but a committee of one hundred was sent to the city to negotiate terms, and on a promise that they would be protected, the inhabitants agreed to lay down their arms and immediately cross the river. The invaders then made their triumphal entry, under the command of Thomas Brockman.

Brockman, a large, uncouth individual, bent on acquiring notoriety, had been county commissioner of Brown County and in that capacity had let out a contract for building the courthouse. It was afterwards learned that he had let the contract to himself, managed to get paid in advance, and then built such an inferior building that the county refused to accept it. He had also been a collector of taxes, for which he was a defaulter, and his lands were sold to pay a judgment against him for moneys collected.

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the invaders under Brockman, forgot their promise on entering the city and homes were broken open and robbed of every article of value. The sick were driven from their beds and turned out of doors at the point of the bayonet.

Among them was the old, white-haired gentleman.

Defiantly he faced Brockman.

"Zion shall not be moved out of her place!" he solemnly declared.

With an oath, Brockman threatened to run him through.

At the point of the bayonet, the old man turned,

and feebly tottered to the river, where he again faced his tormenters.

His eyes shone with an inner light, as he solemnly raised his hand toward heaven.

"We shall return," he cried, "though scattered, and come to our inheritances, our children and our children's children, with songs of everlasting joy!"

The men stared open mouthed, then roughly ordered him into a boat.

Crossing the river, the sick and wounded camped among the reeds and rushes on the farther shore, without shelter or roof of any kind.

The old white-haired gentleman had collapsed, lay with closed eyes, his breath coming in short gasps. Gentle hands lifted him to an old straw mattress and a sheet was stretched above his head to protect him from the force of the wind. His wife knelt beside him.

Yells and ribald songs came floating across the water that separated them from their comfortable homes. From the Temple steeple came the beat of a drum, wild shrieks and the sound of a loud-tongued steamboat bell.

The old man's lips moved in prayer.

"Father, forgive them," he murmured. "They know not what they do."

He was silent and the watchers bent anxiously above him.

Again he prayed.

"O, God, forgive the follies of our people. Have compassion on the exiles. May the honest in heart

be led back again, to dwell in peace once more in Joseph's city beautiful."

His voice faltered and was heard no more.

The bark was stripped from a large tree. He was wrapped in the sheet that had sheltered him and placed within, then laid to rest on a little knoll facing his beloved city.

Soon, all the fugitives were prostrated with chills and fever. Babies were born and left motherless at birth. There was no food for the sick. Wheat was ground in coffee mills and used as the chief diet for sick and well.

Weeks passed. Gradually the group scattered in search of other homes.

As winter settled down, carpenter work in Fulton City became scarce and John Barry began making inquiries about Nauvoo. He learned that things had settled down to some extent, and under the influence of the new citizens, a degree of better order was gradually being established. He was anxious to see what damage, if any, had been done to their home and deemed it best to return before someone took possession of it, if they had not already done so.

He hired a team and was driven with Martha and Robert, back to Nauvoo. As they neared the city, they beheld field upon field of yellow grain lying unharvested and rotting upon the ground. They viewed with horror the splintered woodwork and walls battered to the foundation where the cannonading had taken place. They passed long rows of empty houses and unoccupied shops and stores, but to their joy,

found their home unmolested and everything as they had left it.

They learned with sadness of the death of Captain Anderson and his son, whose characters were without reproach.

"Poor Henry Anderson," wailed Robert. "He was the boy that dressed like an old man and recited 'Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man' the day you visited school, Mother, do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember. It was cleverly done. What a pity that a talented boy like that should be sacrificed by cruel men."

There were many estimable families among the new citizens who had been attracted by the beauty of the place and the cheapness of property, but there were also many irresponsible characters, and Nauvoo soon became a place of disgrace and disorder. Many saloons opened, whose proprietors and patrons alike were shiftless, boisterous and unprofitable citizens.

Van Tuyl, proprietor of the Mansion House, was building a houseboat and planning to leave for Texas in the spring. It was rumored that he planned to dismantle the hotel of whatever furniture and goods he wished to fit out his boat. Friends sent word to Emma Smith and on the nineteenth day of February, after an adventurous journey over muddy roads, the black horse, Charlie, pulled up in front of the Mansion House, much to the surprise and discomfiture of the dishonest landlord.

Emma Smith took possession of the hotel once more. Times were hard and her resources were sorely taxed. Groceries were very dear and hard to get. Every-

thing that came to the city was shipped in from the south.

There was considerable traffic up and down the river, and the Mansion House drew its share of public patronage. Among the boarders at the hotel could be found men of all classes, from uncouth river men to refined and ofttimes well-educated travelers from the east.

Joseph became his mother's righthand man, milking the cow, running errands, collecting bills and keeping an eye out for things in general.

Chapter Sixteen

ALMON Babbitt, who had left Nauvoo during the general exodus, came jingling down the road one day in a carriage drawn by four horses, to which were hung a number of sleigh bells. He drew rein at the home of the Barrys and called loudly, "Anybody home?"

Robert ran down to the gate.

"I have something for you," he cried, producing a large envelope.

"From Aunt Nell!" exclaimed Robert. "Oh, thank you."

"You're welcome, giddap," he called to his team and was on his way.

"Robert, why didn't you invite the man in," scolded his mother, who had appeared in the doorway.

"I never thought of it!" gasped Robert. "Anyway, he seemed in a hurry."

"But I'd like to have questioned him about Nell."

"Well, here's her letter, perhaps she'll tell you all you want to know."

Martha opened the envelope and found not only a letter addressed to her from Nell, but one from Will to John and one for Robert from Elsie.

Robert seized his eagerly and slipped it into his pocket, while Martha proceeded to read Nell's letter aloud.

Salt Lake Valley,
May 5, 1847.

Dear Martha:

Almon Babbitt is on his way east. He's Indian agent here and says he is going by way of Nauvoo and will take any letters we wish to send. I have written several times along the way, but you may not have received them as we heard that everyone had been driven from the city and we wondered how you were faring.

Our first stop was at Council Bluffs, and there, President Polk, desiring to march a reliable body of infantry to California, at the commencement of the Mexican War, called upon us to furnish a battalion of five hundred men. Twice had our people been commanded by the government to surrender their arms, and had been left to the malice of our enemies. Then, in the midst of the Indian country, they called upon us to furnish five hundred of our best men for a war march of thousands of miles to California, without hope of return until the conquest of that country.

And there we were, being driven by mob violence from a free and independent state, and asked to provide men for the national capitol. There was some murmuring at first, but the feeling for their country triumphed, and in three days the force was mustered, organized and ready to march.

Then a group led by Alpheus Cutler refused to go any farther and have located in Iowa. When we got to Florence, a great many more stayed there. All along the way they kept dropping out and it was very discouraging to our leaders. When we reached the

Salt Lake Valley, it was thought to be a good place to locate, as we would be safe from our enemies among the mountains; but some wanted to go on to California to join Samuel Brannon's colony there.

This colony chartered the ship *Brooklyn* and sailed from New York on February 4 of last year, thinking that we were going to California and would meet them there. They sailed around Cape Horn, and after a stormy voyage, passed the Golden Gate and arrived at Yerba Buena on July 31, the war with Mexico being ended. It was just three weeks after the United States' flag was hoisted and the country taken possession of by the Americans. Brannon's colony has made a settlement on the river San Joaquin, which they have named New Hope. They have put in crops and are waiting for us. Elder Brannon himself and some of his men are on their way now to meet us, but our leaders are not going. They intend to stay here, so Will and I have decided to stay with them and let all those who want to go to California with Brannon, please themselves.

We like it here and think it will be a fine place to build a city. The mountaineers tell us it is a splendid place to raise stock as the grass is rich and heavy and the valley is one of the best of its kind to winter cattle, the weather being moderate.

The farmers think the soil is suitable for raising heavy crops of wheat, although they may have to irrigate, as there is not sufficient rain for farming purposes, but irrigation here will require very little labor.

It was a long journey across the plains. We waded rivers and climbed mountains and endured many hard-

ships. We grew heartily sick of the Indians who followed us, trying to steal our possessions and drive away our cattle. Some of the men wanted to take their whips to them but Brigham Young warned us to be kind to them, and said it was better to feed an Indian than to make an enemy of him.

We passed great droves of buffalo—bison they called them. The prairie was black with them sometimes for miles and miles. They furnished our meat.

The scenery here is beautiful. Some of the mountains are snowcapped and the sky is so clear and blue, and the wild flowers are beautiful, so many different varieties.

Will is building us a house and we are camping at present. Wish you could see your way clear to join us here, so we could all be together again. They are going to persuade Emma Smith to come here with her little family and I wish you would come with her.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Your loving sister,
Nell.

When she had finished the letter, Martha sat dreamily gazing out of the window and Robert quietly slipped away to his own room to read his. So pleased was he with what Elsie had written about their travels, that he decided to show the letter to Joseph, and hurried down the road toward the Mansion House.

As he drew near, he heard a jingling of bells, and beheld the rig of Almon Babbitt standing at the gate. The owner was engaged in earnest conversation with

Emma Smith who stood at the door and Joseph, seemingly much perturbed, stood beside her.

Babbit's voice was startlingly clear, as he declared heatedly: "I'll make you so poor that you'll be glad to come out there for protection. I've been appointed to accomplish that purpose and I propose to do it!"

Emma Smith's face was flushed with anger and her dark eyes were blazing.

"Almon Babbitt, it may be possible for you to make me poor, but you could never make me poor enough to induce me to follow Brigham Young!"

Robert stared in amazement as Babbitt turned on his heel, strode down the path and through the gate, jumped into his carriage and drove rapidly away.

Emma went into the house and Joseph, seeing Robert, came down the path to meet him. He was trembling with rage.

"They're trying to force mother to go west, but she'll never go!"

That night at the supper table, Martha and John talked of the advisability of joining Nell and Will in the west.

"Nell says they are going to persuade Emma to go out and for us to go with her," stated Martha.

Robert looked up from his plate.

"Emma Smith's not going!" he declared emphatically.

Martha's heart gave a bound.

"Not going? What do you mean?"

"I heard her tell Almon Babbitt that she'd never follow Brigham Young."

"Then that settles it!" declared Martha. "I never shall either."

A few evenings later, John came home chuckling.

"There are two men paying court to the widow."

"What widow?" asked Martha.

"Why Emma Smith, of course."

"Fancy that!" ejaculated his wife, excitedly. "Who are they?"

"Well, one's an Irishman named James Mulholland and the other is Major Lewis Crum Bidamon. Bidamon served in the Illinois Militia and came here from Canton with some horses and money and purchased a lot of the stuff the folks were offering for sale before they left. He and a man named Hartwell went into partnership, put the stock of merchandise in one of the brick buildings that were being abandoned and set up in business. He comes of a German family, members of the Methodist Church, but Major Bidamon calls himself a Deist; says his creed is: 'I believe in one God who has neither partners nor clerks.' He's a widower. His wife and only son are buried in Canton and he has two daughters. He's a very pleasant man to meet, makes friends easily, although he is quick tempered and loses them just as easily."

"Which one of the suitors does Emma favor, do you think?"

"Seems to favor the Major, but he has no religion about him, and he likes his intoxicating liquors."

"My word! surely Emma wouldn't marry a man like that."

"Things are getting pretty hard for the widow, I imagine, what with all that riffraff from the river

stopping there and the Brighamites hounding her life out. She needs someone to look out for her."

Robert, passing the Mansion House one evening, beheld Major Bidamon jauntily approaching. He was a fine looking man, six feet tall, well dressed and with a splendid bearing. He was wearing a formal, high crowned hat. As he approached the house, he caught sight of Emma seated at an upper window sewing, and removing his hat made her an elaborate bow. Replacing the hat, he stepped forward briskly, but alas, a clothesline he had failed to observe, caught him across the forehead, swept the hat from his head and along with it a toupee that he was wearing to conceal his bald spot.

"Damn that wig!" he exclaimed quickly, as he bent to recover it.

Joseph, who happened to be in the garden, stepped forward, shaking with laughter, to offer his services. Nothing daunted, the Major jammed the offending article upon his head and went forward to meet his lady love, who had reached the door and stood laughing.

The ardor of the wooer was not dampened in the least by this unfortunate accident. The courtship progressed, and the following December, the marriage ceremony was performed by the Reverend William Hanna of Nauvoo.

"I'm glad those boys of Emma's have a father," Martha said, when she heard of it. "It's a hard task for a woman to raise four boys singlehanded."

The Smith boys loved their new father. He was kind to them, and provided comfortably for them

from the resources at hand. Under his direction, the gardens on their home lots and their farm east of town, raised most of the products for the table, the boys helping with the work as their capabilities permitted. They had their own cows, pigs and chickens, so were able to provide for the needs of the hotel economically, and it, in turn, gave them a living.

Chapter Seventeen

ROBERT had discovered that Indian relics were often exposed on the rainwashed hillsides along the river after a heavy downfall, so would tramp for miles to see what he could find to add to his collection of arrowheads, bits of pottery and implements of various kinds.

One day, while digging at the foot of a bluff, he heard voices above him. Peering through the underbrush he beheld two men on horseback outlined against the sky. They were engaged in earnest conversation but Robert was unable to distinguish their words.

It was a lonely spot; not a house was visible, but away in the distance towered the beautiful, white stone Temple, resplendent in all its glories of sun, moon and stars, with its bright angel glittering from the summit of its lofty spire.

The men's faces were turned toward it in serious contemplation.

"Well, Judge, what's your plan?" was what one of the men was saying.

"My plan is to destroy the Temple yonder!"

"What—destroy the Temple! Man alive, what are you talking about?"

"I received word yesterday that the company in New York that's leased the Temple for a school is to start for Nauvoo tomorrow to perfect arrangements. You know what that means. Once the school is established here, it'll attract so much attention to Nauvoo that it'll outrival Carthage, Appanoose, Warsaw and all the rest of the towns around here."

"Well, we can't help that. You know how carefully the Temple's guarded. The custodian would lay down his life before he'd allow a finger to desecrate it. The whole town would rise up in arms if any attempt were made upon it."

"The town'll know nothing until it's too late to do anything about it. As for the custodian, we'll attend to him."

"Now, Judge, I don't intend to stain my hands shedding innocent blood."

"Who said anything about shedding blood?"

"That's what you intimated."

"I did nothing of the kind. I've made arrangements with a man from down along the river. He's going to fire the Temple and you and I are going to stand by to help. Here he comes now."

Another horseman was seen approaching and stood with the others at the top of the bluff.

"Made any plans, Joe?" greeted the Judge, whereupon the man drew aside his coat, disclosing a corn sack hidden beneath. "I've got tarred rags and sticks, as many as I could carry without being noticed."

"Good work, Joe," commented the Judge. "Now we'll perfect our plans."

It was getting late. They decided they would be

able to approach the Temple with little chance of encountering the many visitors who daily were shown through. They would conceal their horses close by, walk in, and at dusk approach the custodian and ask to be shown through the building, then watch their chance to set it afire.

If the custodian objected to showing them through, because of the lateness of the hour, they were to tell him that they were from a distance and were leaving that night; it would be their last chance, perhaps, of ever having an opportunity to visit the Temple. Once inside the building, Joe was to keep his eye out for an opportunity to start his fire while the others were engaging the man's attention.

Robert, watching from below, was greatly puzzled when he beheld the men securing their horses and starting out on foot in the direction of town. However, he returned to his business of digging and unearthed several arrowheads, a tooth and some bones. The arrowheads were perfect and would make a nice display on the shelf in his room. The tooth and bones, however, he would have to deposit in the barn, for his mother, he knew, would never tolerate any part of a dead man's anatomy within her doors.

Darkness began to fall and reluctantly he gathered up his finds and started for home. Pausing for a drink at a well on the outskirts of town, he caught sight of the three men returning and stepped back into the shadow. Two were supporting the third, who tottered between them, his coat tattered, his face drawn as if in agony. He was breathing heavily and sank moaning to the ground.

"Get me a drink, will you," he muttered. Both men sprang to get it.

He drank deeply while the men stood anxiously by.

"Anyhow, the deed's done," he choked. "Began to think it was all off, the way that custodian kept his eye on me. Must have suspicioned something. Good thing I secured that key while you were engaging his attention. He's probably still hunting for it."

He fumbled in his pocket, drew out a large key and tossed it into the well. "There, he'll never see that again," he laughed shortly.

"Got lost in the damn building and thought I was going to burn up with it—was pitch dark—forgot I had matches in my pocket. Got so confused I couldn't tell one direction from another. Saw a light shining away down the passage—went to see what it was and if it wasn't my own fire, burning at a fearful rate, sending fiery tongues clear across the hall. I started it clear up at the top where it's lined with pine—good tinder for it—give it a good start before it's discovered—darned if I didn't have to dive right through those flames to get out. Threw my coat over my head and plunged—struck full length on the floor—my coat was ablaze, but managed to get it out. Arm and leg's hurt pretty bad but guess I can make it."

He struggled to his feet. "Better get to your horses as quick as possible and scatter!"

"But we can't leave you like this, Joe. You may have inhaled the fire or injured yourself internally."

"Help me to my horse then, and let me get out of this," he muttered impatiently.

As their voices died away in the distance, Robert crept from his hiding place.

"What evil men! What had they been up to? In what building had they started a fire. Surely not the Temple." He glanced toward it—away up in the tower was a flickering light. The next minute, flames burst through the roof, lighting the country for miles around as light as day.

Robert stood aghast! The Temple—his beautiful Temple, that had become the chief object of the admiration of strangers upon the upper Mississippi. It had been built as a labor of love; close to a million in tithes and free will offerings had been laid out upon it. Hardly a woman who had not given some trinket, and the lowliest man and coarsest artisan had turned to it with the elation of an artist for a fair creation, for he had at least served the tenth of his year upon its walls.

He sobbed aloud as he stumbled forward. People were running and shouting from all directions. Boats could be heard coming across the river. An excited mob came swarming up the bank and with foul oaths went hurrying past.

Weak and trembling, Robert stumbled after them. The whole interior of the Temple was ablaze, the tower falling with a terrible crash as Robert reached the scene.

The watchers stood fascinated by the awful spectacle, the only sound being the roar of the flames as they swept through the building.

Robert searched frantically for LaBarron, the care-

taker and found him jumping up and down and tearing his hair.

"Ze rogues! Ze scoundrels!" he shrieked.

Robert grasped his arm.

"I saw them, LaBarron," he shouted excitedly. "One of the men threw your key in the well!"

"Ze river rat!"

"They're out on the bluff, perhaps you can catch them!"

LaBarron turned quickly to the men about him, "Queek, dey on ze bluff!" he shouted.

A dozen men sprang for their horses and went galloping away.

A man so covered with smoke and ashes that Robert failed to recognize him, stood with shoulders drooping dejectedly. His voice was sorrowful as he turned to Robert. It was Major Bidamon.

"I once read in the Bible," he said, "about a father's bowels yearning over his son. I never understood that passage till now. I seem to feel this terrible calamity throughout my whole body. I begin to sense that phrase in the Bible. I shall not make light of it again."

Many were the conjectures as to who had committed the dastardly deed. Feeling ran high and had the men been discovered, would undoubtedly have been cast into the midst of the conflagration they had started, but although the country was scoured for miles around, no trace of the culprits was found.

* * *

Word was received that members of the "Mormon Battalion" that had been organized at Council Bluffs

and marched to California, had discovered gold after being mustered out, while digging mill races for Captain Sutter. Then commenced the great rush of gold seekers to California.

Major Bidamon, Nathan King and others were soon on their way and Robert and his father were eager to join them, but Martha put her foot down.

"I'll not have you traipsing across the continent with a lot of thieving, drunken ruffians!" she declared.

A year later, Major Bidamon returned with tales of terrible hardships endured in crossing the plains. The Major had cleared a thousand dollars making axe and pick handles, mending machinery and tools. Starting for home, a sharper had induced him to invest his money in Missouri Bank notes, that were not worth a penny.

"He was lucky to get back alive!" declared Martha when she heard of it.

Major Bidamon was welcomed joyously, for he was a genial and popular host and the Mansion House was the central gathering place for young and old, Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, Lutherans, as well as those of no religious affiliation. All mingled freely in the social activities of the place.

There were apple-parings, corn huskings, taffy-pulls and parties of all kinds. And a big wedding that was attended by people from miles around when Savilla Durfee, who had made her home with the Smiths for a number of years, became the wife of James Gifford, a splendid young man, who was operating the ferry.

The Smith boys were very popular, for they had been trained to be kind and considerate of everyone.

Frederick, four years younger than Joseph, was an attractive boy, merry and sunny, with brown eyes like his mother's. Alexander, two years younger than Frederick, was a quiet lad with blue eyes like his father's. He loved to hunt and fish and roamed the islands and tributaries of the big river. David, born after his father's death, was a dear little fellow, delighting everyone with his sweet singing voice.

Robert enjoyed the companionship of this congenial group and much of his time was spent with them at the Mansion House.

Chapter Eighteen

ONE sunny day in May, Robert and Joseph, grown to young manhood, stood at the landing, watching the *Maid of Iowa* made fast to her moorings. As the gangplank was lowered, a vivacious group of well-dressed people came hurrying forward.

"Must be some more of those Icarians that have bought the Temple property," Joseph remarked in a lowered voice.

Robert regarded them with interest. The city had buzzed with excitement over their leader, Etienne Cabet, for he had been a leader of the Carbonari in France and a member of the French legislature. It was said that he had once edited a newspaper, whose revolutionary denunciations had so aroused the government, that he had been given his choice of two years in prison or five years in exile.

Choosing the latter, he had gone to England, where he had spent the time studying social philosophy, arriving at the conclusion that communism was the only solution to excessive wealth and excessive poverty.

On his return to France, he had organized a society and in a few years time had had a following of four hundred thousand. Deciding to establish a colony in America, he had purchased a large tract of land

in Texas and sent a group there. Arriving in New Orleans later with another group of adherents, Cabet learned that his colonists in Texas had been so ravaged by yellow fever that their fervor in the social scheme had waned to the point of indifference and a third of them were on their way back to France.

Hearing that the Mormons had been driven from Nauvoo, leaving behind them an uninhabited town, Cabet decided to investigate and so pleased had he been, that he had purchased Temple Square and the land surrounding it and his followers were establishing themselves in the vacant buildings left by the Mormons, their numbers being augmented from time to time by groups from the old country.

"Must be bringing the cream of France over," observed Robert, noting their rich apparel.

Two very pretty girls came tripping down the gangplank, their silk skirts swishing about their dainty ankles, the plumes on their big velvet bonnets nodding gaily. Their dark eyes gleamed with pleasure as they glanced about them, conversing in French.

Their heavy bags were so burdensome that Robert and Joseph spontaneously sprang to their assistance. The girls drew back, regarding the boys doubtfully.

Joseph spoke reassuringly in French and instantly they were all smiles again and consented to relinquish their burdens.

He had studied French with Victor Jeanneault who had boarded at the Mansion House.

"Why didn't I learn to speak French, too!" Robert chided himself, for Joseph continued the conversation as they walked up the incline to the roadway while he

was compelled to walk dumbly, glancing furtively at the beautiful girl by his side. Finally he ventured a few words in English, but the girl, smiling brightly up at him, shook her head.

Wagons were drawn up at the roadside. The boys helped the girls climb in and deposited their bags beside them. Laughing merrily, the girls thanked the boys prettily in French and waved their dainty handkerchiefs as they drove away.

Robert turned to Joseph eagerly.

"Could you teach me to speak French, Joseph?"

Joseph's brown eyes twinkled.

"I can try, Robert."

The Icarians were erecting a large dining hall where meals were to be eaten in common, for all labor was done and all property owned in common, although each family had its separate apartment in which to live.

John Barry, who was now a master carpenter, offered his services and Robert, who was learning the trade, worked with him. A large flour mill was built, a whiskey distillery, a slaughter house and a laundry.

The Barrys were astounded at the manner in which the work of the colony was carried on. A physician, who had received diplomas from two German universities and an ex-military officer, who had won distinction in Algiers and wore the cross of the Legion of Honor, were enrolled with the corps of wood-choppers for the community. A talented fresco painter was set to digging coal. A civil engineer, who had superintended the construction of a great French railway, was put in charge of the wheezy old engine of the

flour mill. An accomplished young architect of Normandy, spent most of his time rendering Cabet's good French into bad English for publication in *The Popular Tribune,* a journal devoted to "the new philosophy of life." Cabet established a printing office and published a number of books and pamphlets in French and German.

Large quantities of whiskey were made, for which there was a good demand. It sold for twelve and one-half cents per gallon in barrel lots. Whiskey was freely used, one grocer keeping a barrel of it on tap in the cellar, with a tin cup near by, so that customers could help themselves free of charge.

The Icarians were a jolly set of people and believed in having a good time. Their dining room served also as an amusement hall where dances were held, their orchestra being one of the best in the middle west. Their cornetist, John Caille, was of world-wide fame. Pageot and Prosch also were musicians of note and some wonderful concerts were held. They also had a fine theatrical troupe and their performances created much enthusiasm.

There were no religious observances of any sort. Sunday was a day of rest from toil and was given over to amusements of various kinds.

Martha had no patience with the Icarians, not only because of the enormous quantities of whiskey they distilled, but because of the manner in which they observed the Sabbath.

"Mark my words," she declared, "people that fail to keep the Sabbath day holy will never prosper!"

Robert, fortified with a few sentences of French,

watched hopefully for the girl that had been uppermost in his mind since that memorable day at the wharf.

One afternoon, a girl stood at the door of a little cottage on the brow of the hill which led to town. Shading her eyes against the sun, she looked out across the valley. A glorious panorama of fields and vineyards, gleaming river and wooded islands spread out before her.

"Eet ez, ver' bee'-u-tee-ful!" she murmured.

Robert, striding up the long hill on his way to town, halted abruptly. The girl's eyes rested upon him with instant recognition and she greeted him with a glad smile.

He strode forward, sweeping his broad hat from his head, his brown eyes smiling down at her from his tanned face.

"Comment allez vou, Mademoiselle?" he greeted.

She clapped her hands, laughing delightedly, then turning, spoke rapidly to someone within.

An elderly gentleman appeared in the doorway, bowing courteously.

"Ma grandfille say you ver' kind," he said brokenly. "I no speek ze Eengleesh."

"And I no speak the French," declared Robert. However, with what few words each had acquired, they managed to make themselves understood. Robert suggested that he teach them English in exchange for lessons in French, to which they joyously agreed.

Many happy evenings were spent in the little cottage as the lessons progressed. Robert learned that Celeste was an orphan and had come to America to

care for her grandfather. The old man took a great liking to Robert and a strong bond of friendship sprang up between the three.

They went for walks together along the river, rowed out to the island, caught fish in the quiet pools and cooked them over the coals. Celeste's friend Annette, sometimes joined them, with Pierre, whom Annette was to marry some day.

The Icarians decided to rebuild the Temple. Only the stonework was standing, the walls sixty feet high, the upper stories and tower having been destroyed by the fire. An agent was sent north to purchase necessary timber and the masons began laying the foundation for the flooring.

Robert was overjoyed and spent much of his spare time watching the men and lending a hand where needed.

One afternoon, he and a group of them were at work on the interior when a distant rumble of thunder announced the approach of a storm. Suddenly a furious wind began to blow.

"We'd better get out of this," cried one of the men, nervously. "These walls are none too solid!"

"No need to worry," replied another easily.

Suddenly a black cloud enveloped the building and a shower of rocks flew from the top of the walls in every direction.

Some of the men dashed through the openings and sought shelter elsewhere, while Robert and the others, ran to the basement and took refuge in the tool room.

"Friends, we're lost!" cried one of the men, keeping watch. "The north wall's caving in!"

Terror stricken, they fled to the southwest corner of the room.

With a deafening roar, heard three miles away, the sixty foot wall came crashing down within three feet of the men.

White and shaken, they crawled through the debris and in a blinding rain, amid the buffetings of the cyclone, made their way to their homes.

For three hours the storm raged. Houses were blown down, crops demolished. The laundry, situated in a creek half a mile from town, was carried away, the water running twelve feet high. It was feared that the women at work in the building had lost their lives, but later it was learned that they had crawled through the windows and taken refuge in a farm house some distance away.

The work of rebuilding the Temple was abandoned. Three of the stone pillars stood for years, blackened and marred by the flames, then, fearing for the safety of the children, who loved to play among the ruins, they were torn down and the place became a veritable quarry, providing material with which many homes, wine cellars and saloons in the town were built. The best of the stone was salvaged by the Icarians and used to erect a fine school building close by.

Celeste and her grandfather were much perturbed when Robert called at the little cottage one evening.

"Cabet ver'—what you call—overbearing. We not stand it much longer. Ver' soon there be trouble!" they declared.

Then, suddenly, a terrible cholera scourge devastated the community. The Icarians were accused of

bringing it with them from New Orleans, where it had reached an epidemic form. There were so many deaths among the little colony, the Icarians were afraid to bury their dead in the city cemetery, for fear of terrifying the public and many were buried on the grounds of the old arsenal.

It was impossible to make coffins in which to bury them, or even rude boxes and many of the bodies were wrapped in sheets and consigned to one large grave.

Robert was stricken and his life despaired of for a time, then slowly he began to recover.

As soon as his strength had returned sufficiently, he slowly climbed the hill to the little cottage.

It stood empty and forlorn. A premonition of evil seized him.

Frantically he searched out Annette and Pierre.

Their faces were tragic.

"Celeste!" he cried. "Where is Celeste?"

"Gone!" they replied sorrowfully. "Celeste and grandpere among first to go. Where lay, we no know."

Celeste gone! Robert was stunned. He stood white lipped and trembling staring at Annette and Pierre, when suddenly, thick blackness enveloped him.

"Queek, Pierre, he faints!" cried Annette.

Pierre's strong arms bore him to the couch in the living room.

When Robert opened his eyes, Annette knelt by his side, bathing his forehead.

"You ver' seek," she declared. "You ver' week. You not grieve for Celeste. Celeste she happee now.

De colony break some day. Celeste and grandpere ver' unhappee."

It was true. The quarrel Celeste and her grandfather had feared was soon precipitated. Cabet and his sympathizers fled to St. Louis where Cabet died suddenly of apoplexy.

Some of his followers returned to France. Annette and Pierre went with a small group that established themselves in western Iowa. A few remained in Nauvoo, but they gave up communism and became outstanding citizens in the community.

Chapter Nineteen

THE slave question was beginning to assume grave importance. There was a disposition on the part of the South to insist that all public domains from which the new states might be carved, should be thrown open to the slave-holder and that he should be permitted to take into those states, all his goods and chattels, including his slaves, without let or hindrance by any of the inhabitants thereof.

Abraham Lincoln opposed this view while Stephen A. Douglas contended that under the "state's rights" theory, each commonwealth could decide for itself. Various phases of the question were hotly debated and Lincoln and Douglas were ably presenting their arguments in campaign speeches.

There were many discussions pro and con among the citizens of Nauvoo and Robert listened in admiration to Joseph holding his own during heated arguments, for he took the stand outlined by his father in his views on government published in 1844.

On learning that Stephen A. Douglas was to speak in Carthage, the boys decided to go and hear him.

"He was a friend of my father's," said Joseph. "He was judge of the court at Monmouth when father was brought before him in 1841 on an antiquated writ from

Missouri. When he heard the testimony of the witnesses and the able speech of O. H. Browning of Quincy in defence, he freed father of the prosecution urged against him, so even though I am opposed to his views on 'State's rights,' I feel strongly impressed in his favor. He and Cyrus Walker visited Nauvoo when father was living. They were astonished at the improvements that had been made and spoke in high terms of the industry of our peopde. Father wrote a letter to the *Times and Seasons* telling of their visit and said how different their attitude was compared with the officials of Missouri, whose minds were prejudiced to such an extent they refused to mingle with us and learn things for themselves, but kept aloof and were ready to listen at all times to those who had the 'poison of adders under their tongues' and were constantly seeking our overthrow."

A platform had been built in the courtyard, in front of the courthouse in Carthage and over it had been erected a canopy of green boughs to shield the notables from the rays of the sun. A large crowd had congregated.

Milton M. Morrill of Nauvoo was chairman and introduced the speaker, a handsome man with a pleasing personality. Douglas sprang into action immediately, with all the dynamic force characteristic of him, denouncing the Abolitionists and censuring the Northerners for attempting to intrude upon the property rights of their brethren and his audience listened spellbound.

Robert and Joseph returned home more strongly impressed in his favor than ever.

They returned to Carthage a week later to hear Abraham Lincoln speak from the same stand. They had heard much about this able orator and when they beheld his tall, awkward form ambling across the courthouse yard, they were greatly bewildered. They watched him as he quietly took his place upon the platform feeling greatly depressed, for Mr. Lincoln's appearance was anything but prepossessing.

After the preliminaries were over, Mr. Lincoln arose to speak, leaning slightly forward to peer down at those in front of him. His deep-set gray eyes were dull, his abundant black hair was coarse, his long limbs awkward, his voice sharp. A feeling of pity overwhelmed Robert and Joseph and a degree of shame for the man and the party he represented.

He spoke for a few minutes, then suddenly abandoned his stooping posture, stepped back a little from the front of the platform, squared his shoulders and attempted to straighten up. His head came in contact with the boughs above him, which had sheltered Douglas the week before, a few fresh boughs having been added to those that had withered.

A humorous expression crossed his face and turning his head slightly to one side, with a sudden movement, he thrust it upward, entirely through the boughs above him and stood towering like some queer creature whose head was detatched from its body.

A great shout of laughter greeted this performance and there was a lively patter of hand-clapping. A bevy of men sprang to the rescue and soon removed the greenery from about his neck and overhead, leav-

ing him free to stand erect at his own magnificent height.

His eyes brightened, his gestures took on an unstudied grace, his voice lost its harsh and strident accent and in a few moments his oratory held his audience spellbound. Forcefully, but with all outward calmness, he revealed an intimate picture of slavery. Slowly, irresistibly, his listeners felt themselves being influenced by his touching pathos and gentle persuasion.

Robert and Joseph forgot the man, forgot the aching sense of pity and shame that had burned within their bosoms and by the time the lecture was over, they were completely and altogether, Lincoln men, with their political consciences more firmly fixed than ever in its opposition to slavery and its evils.

"Robert," said Joseph on their journey homeward, "I'm beginning to wonder if the prophecy given by my father so long ago, will some day be fulfilled. He believed that this land was to be devoted to religious and civil liberty for all races of men alike, that this government had been instituted of God for the accomplishment of His own wise purposes and that the spirit of religious tolerance and political freedom designed for this country should prevail, should spread and in time become universal throughout the world. He even declared that someday the southern states would be divided against the northern states beginning with the rebellion of South Carolina and that the day would come when war would be poured out upon all nations."

Robert stared at Joseph in astonishment.

"When did your father give that prophecy?"

"On Christmas Day in 1832. It was published in 1851 in a pamphlet called *The Pearl of Great Price.*"

"Do you believe it?"

"I hardly know. If it comes to pass, it will mean a great deal to me and to my brothers. Our faith in his message will be consciously increased and our courage in defending the principles of truth for which he lived and died, materially strengthened."

"Your father also prophesied, Joseph, that you were to be his successor some day," reminded Robert.

There was silence for a moment, then Joseph spoke bitterly.

"Robert, the thought is so repulsive to me, the thing can never be possible!"

Remembering the scenes through which Joseph had passed, Robert sensed his friend's feelings in the matter. No wonder he shrank from the very thought of carrying on the work of his father.

"I have been urged to go West," Joseph spoke musingly, "that wealth and position would be mine, but I cannot join with those who have departed from the teachings of my father.

"Two young men from Zarahemla, Wisconsin, called to see me the other day. They told me how a group of them were carrying on the work authorized by my father and were calling themselves the 'Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.' They claimed it had been shown them that the time had come for me to take my father's place. They urged me to return with them, but I sent them away."

Joseph little dreamed that a power greater than his was soon to revolutionize his entire thinking.

He was taken sick and brought near to death's door. As his strength gradually returned, he became conscious of an entire change of attitude toward the work of his father. All the bitterness of the years was removed along with the feelings of enmity toward those opposed to his faith. There was even forgiveness in his heart for those who had so cruelly deprived him of his father.

He sent for William Marks, a man of sterling character who had been closely associated with his father and who had kept in touch with the various groups that had never departed from his father's teachings. He came, bringing with him Israel Rogers and William Blair. When they parted, it was with the promise that Joseph and his mother would meet with them when they gathered for the conference at Amboy in the spring.

* * *

One of the worst storms of the season was raging. A cold, north wind swept down the valley, turning the river into a raging torrent.

Robert stood with an anxious group, watching the great, white capped waves that battered against the shore.

Joseph and his mother were to cross the river in a small skiff, and take the train at Montrose, opposite, for the conference at Amboy.

"It's suicide for them to attempt it!" declared an old fisherman to Robert.

"James Gifford knows the river. He'll get them across." Robert was confident.

Alexander stood with his mother and brother Joseph, his blue eyes anxious as he watched the stormy waves. How dark and angry they looked in the early morning light!

"Thus has it been, all through my life," declared their mother sadly. "Whenever I have set out to do anything for the gospel's sake, Satan seemed to be in the very elements, trying to prevent."

"Never fear, Mother," Alexander wrapped his mother's shawl more closely about her. "Jim and I will see you safely across."

The little boat was pounding against the shore. Beside it, tightly buttoned into his storm coat, stood James Gifford. Alexander held the boat while his mother climbed in, Joseph followed, Gifford next. The boat was loosed and Alexander sprang in. The two young men grasped the oars as the waves caught at the little craft and almost overturned it.

Robert tried to keep in sight the little boat, bobbing about on the stormy waves, as the two young men pulled against the current, up around the island and across the turbulent river.

Anxiously he watched until the boat returned.

"We made it!" declared James Gifford triumphantly as Robert grasped the boat while the men sprang ashore. "Joseph and his mother were drenched with the spray, but they were determined to go on."

A few days later, Robert received through the mail, a copy of the *Amboy Times* which contained the start-

ling announcement that Joseph had taken his father's place!

The news was quickly noised about and instantly a storm of feeling was aroused. Resolutions were speedily adopted in various townships, earnestly protesting against the return of the Mormons to Hancock County, one of the townships passing the sweeping resolution that no Mormon be permitted to preach or pray in that vicinity.

Robert, sensing the bitterness and hatred that still persisted, went to the Mansion House on his return to urge Joseph to leave the county.

Alexander, apparently much disturbed, ushered him into the livingroom, where Joseph sat by the fireplace in an attitude of deep dejection. He lifted his face as Robert entered and the sorrow and heartache depicted there aroused all the sad memories of the past. Robert saw again the prophet, bidding farewell to his beloved city on the eve of his departure for Carthage. He had looked like that when he had stood at the river, viewing the old homestead, the Mansion House and the Temple on the hill.

"Joseph," he cried in anguish, "you must leave the county! I fear for your life if you remain."

"My life has been an open book," replied Joseph sadly. "I've dealt honorably with every man, woman and child in this community; I've won the esteem of the best citizen of this place; positions of public trust and honor have been accorded me and now they seek to proscribe me in the exercise of my religion."

Suddenly Joseph arose, his chin up, his eyes clear, his body crisp and straight. Robert, watching him,

became conscious of a power within Joseph such as he had never sensed before. His keen eyes reached to the depths of his soul, causing him to almost quake before him.

"No, Robert, I shall not leave the county!" he emphatically declared. "I shall stay right here, live the life I have a right to live as a free man on free soil and so conduct myself, that the religion for which my father sacrificed his life, shall become honorable in the sight of men!"

Joseph went about his business unmolested.

"Mob violence will never again be tolerated!" declared some of the more prominent citizens. "The treatment of the Mormons has left a curse upon the county that will never be removed until they are permitted to return."

Joseph took up his work as leader and sent out a general epistle calling upon the scattered Saints to arise from the sleep that had bound them and to take on the armor of the just, uniting for the emancipation of the honest in heart from the power of false doctrines and the shackles of sin; to turn from by and forbidden paths unto allegiance to the gospel principles. He called upon all the inhabitants of the earth to repent and be baptized, warning them that the time would come when the judgments of God would be poured out upon all nations and all men should know that there was a God in Israel.

A few of the members came back to the old city and attempted to make a home there. Services were held in the upper room of the old brick store where Robert and Joseph had gone to school as boys together.

The congregation soon numbered around seventy-five and they took upon themselves the name of "The Olive Branch."

The Barrys were regular attendants at the services and as they sat in the big raftered room listening to Joseph's logical interpretation of the Scriptures, speaking as one having authority, their souls were strangely stirred. John began again to feel as he had on that day so long ago when Elder Fielding had visited their home in Lancashire and declared the gospel tidings. This time, however, he was not alone, for Martha was diligently searching the Scriptures and verifying the truths that Joseph presented.

One beautiful summer evening, just as the setting sun was casting a rosy glow over the quiet waters of the Mississippi, a baptismal service was held and John, Martha and Robert were buried beneath the waves by the young leader of the Reorganization.

"Just as Jesus was baptized in the river Jordan," declared Martha happily. "We'll not go wrong if we follow in his footsteps."

During the confirmation service which followed, the joy and peace that surpasseth all understanding, flooded the souls of the new converts.

One day the astounding news that Major Anderson at Fort Sumter was sustaining a heavy fire directed by the officers of South Carolina, sent Robert hurrying down to the Mansion House. He found the Smith brothers deeply stirred.

"Our father's prophecy of 1832 was a true foreshadowing of what was to transpire," declared Joseph

solemnly. "He was not the erring, religious fanatic so many have been led to believe."

The value and beauty of the prophet's life became greatly enhanced in the eyes of his sons and with one accord they united to defend the principles of truth for which he lived and died.

Chapter Twenty

A CARRIAGE drew up before the home of the Barrys. A man, a woman and a young girl alighted; weary and travel stained, they stumbled up the path.

Martha, a puzzled expression on her face, met them at the door. The next instant a pair of arms were thrown about her neck and the woman was sobbing on her breast.

"Martha! Don't you know me?" she cried, despairingly.

"Nell!" gasped Martha.

"We've come back, as you said we would, never to leave you again."

Martha flung wide the door and ushered them in, trying meanwhile to hide her tears as she bustled about, taking their wraps and trying to make them comfortable.

The sight of Will's shrunken figure filled her with dismay; the lines of sorrow and heartache on Nell's face made her throat tighten. She turned to the girl and caught her breath. Could this tall, slender young woman be Elsie? The wide blue eyes she remembered were the same, but the long golden ringlets were piled high on a shapely head. She was gentle and charming and altogether lovely.

"Oh, if Robert were only here!" was her first thought.

The girl's eyes were searching the room.

"Where's Robert, Aunt Martha?"

Martha's face clouded.

"He's down by the river. He sits there often," she replied in a troubled voice.

"I'll go find him," the girl declared eagerly.

She flitted out the door and went tripping down the old familiar path.

Robert, seated in his favorite spot overlooking the great river, gazed with unseeing eyes across the wide expanse of water. The sun was slowly sinking, casting a bright gleam from shore to shore. The rapids leaped and swirled and his thoughts were as turbulent as the current.

The words of a poem by Tennyson flashed into his mind:

> "O, for the touch of *a* hand that is gone,
> The sound of a voice that is stilled."

How long it seemed since that beautiful day in October when as a lad, he had stood among the throng on the deck of the steamer that had come churning up the river. How everyone had cheered at their first glimpse of the beautiful city, nestling so happily on the hillside.

The prophet had been at the wharf to welcome each one as they stepped ashore. Elsie had been there and had thrown her arms about his neck. Elsie—no doubt she was married by now. Aunt Nell had written

some time ago that she was to marry Charles Pitman. "Charles Pitman," he thought bitterly, "of all men." His father had become a man of wealth and high position in the church out there, no doubt they thought it a fine thing for Elsie. He hoped fervently, that Charles would be good to her.

What a dear little girl she had been with her wide blue eyes, and golden curls. Lost in reverie, he did not hear light footsteps coming along the path. A girl's sharp gasp punctuated the stillness.

He turned and saw a girl in dark, traveling gown, standing beside him—a girl with wide blue eyes and a crown of gold upon her head. Flushed and breathless, she stood looking intently at him and her face was softly aglow.

"We've come back, Robert." Her voice was gentle. "Mother and dad are up at the house. I came to find you."

His eyes were wide with bewilderment and a vast wonder. He stood up. "I—I must be dreaming," he stammered uncertainly.

"I'm Elsie, don't you know me, Robert?"

"Elsie—" he gazed at her in astonishment. Could this vision of loveliness be the little girl he remembered. She was more beautiful even than Celeste. He wanted to take her in his arms but remembered about Pitman.

"Is—your husband here, too?" The words forced themselves to his lips.

"My husband? I have no husband."

"You're not married to Charles Pitman?"

"Charles Pitman is nothing to me."

He blinked dazedly. "You mean—you are not going to marry him?"

"No, Robert."

"I thought—Aunt Nell said in her letter—"

"Listen, Robert. When the wonderful news reached us that Joseph had taken his father's place, Charles Pitman denounced him as an apostate and the degenerate son of a noble sire."

"He would" Robert declared pointedly.

"I was furious and sent him away, declaring I never wanted to see him again. We had read Joseph's message to the scattered Saints and felt that it was divine. We had suffered much under the leadership of Brigham Young. We were heavily tithed and many strange doctrines were introduced. Father protested vigorously against them, especially the doctrine of polygamy and was made to suffer as a consequence. Now that Joseph has taken his father's place, we feel that a new era has dawned for our people!" her face was radiant and Robert watching her, felt that a new era was dawning for him.

"See here, Elsie, you and I are cousins," he declared irrelevantly.

"Not real cousins," Elsie reminded him and his face lighted. "I was an orphan when father and mother adopted me but my very own parents could not have been kinder.

"How beautiful it is here!" Elsie seated herself and looked out across the water.

"Very beautiful," agreed Robert, his eyes upon her face.

The sunset slipped away and twilight filled the val-

ley with silvery mist and purple shadow as they sat recounting the incidents of their childhood.

Later, they joined the older ones on the wide veranda and Martha's soul flooded with happiness as her eyes rested upon the glowing face of her son.

The following day, hand in hand they wandered along the old familiar ways. Cattle grazed in the quiet grass grown streets where once thousands of happy people thronged. Sagging roofs, crumbling walls and heaps of brick and mortar were on every hand while the plaintive call of the mourning dove accentuated the mournfulness of the scene.

"Nauvoo the beautiful" it had been called; well might it now be called "Nauvoo the sad."

They climbed the hill to the spot where once the Temple had stood.

"Not one stone remains upon another," mourned Elsie.

Robert shook his head sadly.

"Disloyalty within and hatred without and this has been the result. What a city it might have been if the ideals of the prophet could have been carried out."

* * *

The ring of hammers and singing of saws was heard again in the quiet valley as the Barry carpenters set to work erecting a snug little cottage on Robert's favorite spot overlooking the river.

When it was completed a quiet wedding took place in the old home. Then, just as the sun was setting, casting a rosy glow over the quiet waters of the Mississippi, Robert carried his bride over the threshold of their cozy little home.

And there Joseph was hospitably received on his brief visits to Nauvoo, for his work as leader of the reorganization carried him far and wide. After marrying Emmaline Griswold, they had set up housekeeping for a time in the old homestead which his mother had deeded to him on his twenty-first birthday. But his church duties soon took them to Amboy where the headquarters of the church had been established.

His little band of followers grew and prospered and acquired such a reputation for honesty and industry that Nauvoo suddenly awoke to the fact that it had been too hasty. A petition was drawn up with a list of signers, much of it in double column, three and one-half yards long, inviting the leaders to establish their church again in old Nauvoo, but it was too late; they had already purchased land in Iowa and Lamoni became the church headquarters. Later it became a college town, students from all parts of the world coming to attend "Graceland" a distinctive institution with a high moral tone, spiritual atmosphere and seriousness of purpose.

Then, there began to be a longing to return to their old headquarters in Independence, Missouri, from which place they had been banished in 1833. At that time, it had given promise of being the great city of the middle west, but the Civil War had wiped out the big business houses and men of wealth had found themselves penniless. Many of the fine old plantation houses had been burned as border warfare had waged in and out. Even as many years before the despised Mormon women, with their children clinging to their skirts, had done, so Southern women, with

their children and the few possessions they could carry in their hands, had stepped from their homes and watched them burned to the ground.

A few of the church members moved back to the quiet old town, only to find that the old enmities born of political and social antagonisms of half a century ago were long since dead and forgotten. The church publishing house was moved from Lamoni to Independence and occupied a site not far from the place where the mob had destroyed the first print shop established by the members.

Independence once more became a thriving, business community, hard work, loyal citizenship and productive enterprise being the aim of Joseph's followers.

* * *

A beautiful new highway, rivaling the Palisades on the Hudson, extends along the Mississippi River, leadto "Old Nauvoo." Thousands of visitors from far and near drive to the spot where the prophet bade farewell to the city of his dreams. They visit the Mansion House where his widow raised her four boys to manhood amid the ruins of a deserted city; the Old Homestead, the first home of the prophet in Nauvoo and stand at the little cemetery close by, where the bones of the two martyrs were discovered beneath the floor of an old spring house and reinterred with those of Emma, wife of the prophet, in the base of a monument.

They climb the hill to the place where once the Temple stood and view the gleaming curve of the majestic river, sweeping in a half circle below them.

The fragrant aroma of grapes, rises from the vine-

yards on the terraced slopes, planted by the French colonists and thrifty German settlers, for "Old Nauvoo Wines" have become famous.

The Old Mormon Arsenal is the Convent Home of the Benedictine Sisters, who preside over St. Mary's Academy close by. The school, built from the Temple stone by the Icarians, now houses the Parochial School of the community.

A few of the old Mormon houses may still be seen, standing bare and forlorn, their roofs sagging, with gaping holes where windows and doors are missing. Many have been torn down, while others have been repaired and made into comfortable homes.

The third generation of those who built in old Nauvoo, come not to dream of the past, but to gain inspiration for the work of the future when the vision set forth by the prophet, of a great brotherhood, where want and oppression are unknown, shall become a reality. For they believe that the fraternity which Christ demands, is not confined to ritual and prayer, but must be carried as a directional force into their everyday activities. Even as the former-day Saints had all things common and distribution was made unto every man as he had need, so Latter Day Saints for generations, have had as their prominent ideal, social betterment and the training of industrious intelligent, patriotic and law-abiding citizens for Zion the beautiful beckons them on.

Mrs. Uel W. Smith
1409 So. Osage
Independence, Mo. 64050